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The Western Man's Burden

For 12 long years France has hung like a millstone round the neck of the West. Her blind efforts to cling to the tattered relics of her empire have been a source of constant embarrassment—and sometimes of grave danger—to her anxious and weary friends. At the time of Dien Bien Phu, the senseless obstinacy of M. Bidault and his reckless appeals for American atomic intervention brought the world to the rim of the abyss. Over Suez, M. Mollet played the evil role of a Lady Macbeth, screwing Eden's courage to the sticking-point. Now once again, with the savagery which only a growing sense of impotence can breed, France has assaulted the world's conscience.

For the treacherous and brutal bombing of Sakiet there can be no justification whatsoever. That the FLN forces have used Tunisia as a sanctuary need not be doubted. But M. Bourguiba's proposal that the frontier be policed by a UN commission—and even a compromise solution, adopted at the recent MRP congress, which called for a joint Franco-Tunisian frontier patrol—were both instantly rejected by the French government; so that it has no one but itself to blame for a situation which was bound to lead to trouble. Moreover, it is now known that the FLN forces left Sakiet eight days before the attack; and neutral observers have since testified that their abandoned emplacements were left undamaged by the French bombers. The attack, in short, was an act of terror, aimed at civilians and timed for the market-hour, when the village streets would be crowded. Confronted with this conclusive evidence of guilt, the French Cabinet have behaved like a gang of frightened teddy-boys. Some, like Chaban-Delmas, have gloried in the attack. Others, like Pineau, have admitted its folly, and then, seeing their own political positions in danger, have been forced to eat their words before a jeering Assembly. Gaillard himself, summoned to apologise, has presented the deputies with an uneasy mixture of half-truths and silence.

Normally, we can afford to treat the pantomime at the Palais Bourbon with the smile it deserves. This time it is the direct concern of all of us. For years Britain and America have gone bail for France at the UN. It was largely through our efforts that the last General Assembly resolution on Algeria refrained from outright condemnation and simply directed France to make peace. Now, once again, our protégée has broken probation, and we must expect to share the guilt. Nor is this all. The majority of the aircraft used were supplied by America under Nato. This is not the first time Nato equipment has been diverted to colonial adventures, and America has only herself to blame if Moscow accuses her of complicity in the attack. What is worse, the attack was launched less than a week after Washington accorded France a further loan of $650 million, which both parties were fully aware would be used to prolong the war. Must we be surprised, then, if the uncommitted nations regard the western alliance—and especially Nato—as a system of outdoor relief for indigent imperialists?

It is for these reasons that Britain and America—while dissuading Bourguiba from any act which would deepen the crisis—must support Tunisia's case at the UN. We must not hesitate to prove to the world that right and wrong are more vital to us than the *amour-propre* of even an important ally. Bourguiba's Tunisia, the only independent Arab state which has opted for the West of its own free will, is of great importance of itself; but it is more significant still as a test-case. What the uncommitted world want to know is this: is the West prepared to regard the ex-colonial nations as full members of the international community? Or does it see them as merely second-class citizens, whose sovereign rights can be freely ignored? In short, does the Atlantic alliance come first—or the principles it is pledged to uphold? Unless these questions can be answered in a satisfactory manner—and in a matter of days—the nations of Asia and Africa may conclude, as Bourguiba's followers are beginning to do, that friendship with the West pays no dividends, that even neutrality is dangerous, and that the best safeguard of their independence may be to have it underwritten by Moscow. Then, indeed, the West will have gone a long way towards defeat on Mr Krushchev's chosen field of combat: the battle of ideas.

Comments on the Week's News

The End of the Honeymoon

It is clear after the Anglo-Greek talks in Athens that any 'moment of opportunity' which may have been created by Sir Hugh Foot's first stimulating impact on Cyprus has now been lost by indecision and tardiness in London. Just why the Foot plan so bravely and expectantly carried to London in the new year, and apparently accepted in the first instance by the Cabinet, was subsequently shelved, is not yet clear. Mr Thorneycroft's resignation and the possible back-bench Tory revolt were partly responsible: friction between Mr Selwyn Lloyd and Mr Lennox-Boyd – sharpened by the former's anxiety to avoid offending the Turks till after the Baghdad Pact meeting – was also involved. Whatever the full causes, the result is disastrous. Cyprus is back again in the same old deadlock – and even more dangerously because the problem is now apparently in the hands of Mr Selwyn Lloyd. Sir Hugh Foot's position is unenviable. Bound as he is (short of resignation, which is exceedingly difficult for a professional colonial servant) to suffer in silence, he is himself becoming involved in all the cloud of hesitation and double-talk which he set out with initial success to dispel. The best that can be hoped for in the immediate future is that Foot and Makarios will meet and reach enough personal understanding to stave off a renewed outbreak of terrorism on the island; and even this limited success – which as we write seems increasingly unlikely – can hardly be achieved unless Makarios's deportation order is now rescinded.

Alternative to Dulles

While the letter from Mr Dulles to this journal was in the press, an effective reply to its assumptions was being made in the US Senate by the liberal Democrat, Hubert Humphrey. On Tuesday, 4 February, in the course of a four-hour speech, Mr Humphrey suggested a new course for American foreign policy which is in sharp contrast, not merely to the 'rigid and unrealistic' policy of Mr Dulles, but also to the dull echoes it evokes from Mr Dean Acheson. Mr Humphrey, who is chairman of the Senate sub-committee on disarmament, argued that nothing could be achieved by offering the Soviet Union 'as a first step' a nine-point package so comprehensive that 'what would be left for a second, third or fourth step agreement would be rather insignificant compared to the disarming that would have been undertaken in this so-called first step'. He therefore suggested that the package should be broken up and its proposals negotiated separately; that the best 'first step' would be an agreement to end testing of nuclear weapons; and that there should be a joint study by American and Soviet experts of two problems of inspection – how to police the suspension of weapon tests, and how to cut off the manufacture of fissionable material for weapons. Nor was this all. Mr Humphrey welcomed the Kennan initiative for a settlement in central Europe – though he did not commit himself to Mr Kennan's specific proposals – and argued that regional limits upon the arms race would be a better guarantee of peace than Mr Dulles's technique of regional arms races. In particular, he proposed an arms limit for Korea and special UN commission to control the flow of arms into the Middle East. At the same time, he urged that the UN should set up a development authority for the Middle East which could supervise the pattern of technical aid and capital development. Perhaps the most significant point of the whole speech was Mr Humphrey's plea for a 're-examination' of US attitudes towards China, 'because some settlement of the China issue must take place' before any effective disarmament is possible.

Mac's Route to the Summit

What has happened to Mr Macmillan during his Commonwealth tour? Have his conversations with Nehru and other Asian statesmen changed his mind about the value of a summit meeting? Or have his shrewd political instincts convinced him that an East-West *détente* could bolster up his sagging electoral fortunes? Whatever the motives, his latest note to Bulganin marks a sharp modification of the British position, and it is not surprising that the Nato Council endorsed it only with great reluctance. For the first time, a western government has accepted – as this journal has urged for weeks – that a foreign ministers' conference is not an indispensable preliminary to a summit gathering. Mr Dulles himself now seems disposed to concede this point. Though superficially one of procedure, it is a matter of substance; for Bulganin's latest note to Eisenhower and more specific commentaries in *Pravda* make it clear that the Soviet leaders take strong and personal exception to recent statements by Mr Dulles, and that for this reason they believe a foreign ministers' meeting, at which inevitably he would be a dominant figure, would produce bitter and public exchanges, and so make a gathering of Heads of State virtually impossible. Macmillan's note makes two further concessions. Although he endorses the list of subjects on the proposed Eisenhower agenda, which have already been criticised by Bulganin, he hints that he does so not on account of their intrinsic merits, but simply on the procedural ground that each participant should have the right to introduce items for discussion. Finally, though he proposes the old four-power composition for the preliminary talks, he does not exclude a wider – or narrower – selection for the summit talks themselves.

Ulbricht's Purge

The year-old struggle within the leadership of the East German regime has ended in the purge of Herr Ulbricht's critics. Although the three men removed from high positions in the SED have been lumped together as an 'opportunist clique' they, in fact, differ, and the reasons for their dismissal differ. The most important of them is Karl Schirdewan, one of the younger men – with a good anti-Fascist record, and nine years' experience of concentration camps – who rose rapidly after the Berlin riots in 1953 to become Second Secretary to the party and, it seemed, Ulbricht's heir-apparent. After 1956, Schirdewan was greatly influenced by events in Poland and Hungary and began to advocate more 'liberal' policies – called in East Germany the 'safety-valve line'. In particular, he worked for a better understanding with the Gomulka regime, and resisted the decision to hound the 'soft' party intellectuals which led to the imprisonment of Professor Harich and the flight of Alfred Kantorowicz. In this he was supported by Ernst Wollweber, the second of the three victims of the new purge, who had been Minister of Security from 1953 until last autumn, and who is now accused of 'leniency towards the class enemy' in general and the Harich group in particular. But the most serious offence committed by these two men seems to have been their 'illusory conception of unifying Germany at all costs'. On this point Ulbricht and his supporting bureaucracy have refused to budge, have indeed recently hardened their attitude. The third SED leader to be purged is Fred Oelssner, who is an old-style Stalinist economist; if he supported Schirdewan and Wollweber the alliance is more likely to have been tactical than one of principle. For Oelssner has been opposing the Krushchev line of decentralising economic control, and accusing Ulbricht of reverting to 'primitive capitalism'. Thus, in East Germany, Ulbricht is imposing the new orthodoxy – a two-front fight against 'revisionism' on the one hand and 'dogmatism' on the other.

NEXT WEEK

Holiday Travel Supplement

A special feature with contributions by V. S. Pritchett, Kingsley Martin, Peter Heyworth and Vicky

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Malta Story Cont.

The Malta story of the past few years has been constantly punctured by 'complete deadlock' and 'final breakdown'. Consequently there is a growing danger of crying wolf so often that patience becomes exhausted and the imaginative scheme of integration finally drowns without notice. After taking into consideration all the previous scares it still seems that the present crisis could well be the last. Over the past few months, when only the final hurdle remains to be jumped, in place of the friendly co-operation demanded from both governments, British and Maltese ministers have continually provoked each other into petulant and hostile actions. The British government, and particularly the Treasury by its rigid restrictive financial policy, has been refusing to supply the means by which the Maltese can provide themselves with alternative employment and resources – so essential now that the dockyard is declining – while decisions on the dockyard itself have been made known to the Maltese only after public agitation. On the other side, Mr Mintoff, although with the legitimate complaint that he had had to force essential facts out of the Colonial Office by threats, has allowed himself to drift into a position in which the sincerity of his belief in integration has been called in doubt. In the present situation the British government is now threatening to reduce the Maltese subsidy for the next financial year and has decided not to introduce legislation on integration during this parliamentary session. On the other side Mintoff is still threatening to break off relations with Britain and has begun a mild campaign of reprisals against the imperial officials in the island. This dual stupidity must be

ended immediately if the friendly relations between British and Maltese are not to collapse in tragedy. The sooner both sides stop sniping at each other and come together in London to negotiate sensibly, the better the chance of reaching a reasonable settlement.

Steel and the Labour Party

Mr Robens' uncompromising statement last weekend that the first big task of the next Labour government would be to renationalise the steel industry was shrewdly timed. 'That is a pledge,' he said: and clearly he was speaking with Mr Gaitskell's authority. Between now and the next election the Labour Party will have to argue its case before the electorate; and, since the case is a good one, it should welcome the argument. What Mr Robens has done is to regain the initiative in argument from the steelmasters, who have recently launched their propaganda campaign against nationalisation. Their various utterances have already indicated that their immediate purpose has been to establish the fiction that they are not campaigning against the Labour Party as such, but merely seeking—while the issue is undecided—to persuade it not to nationalise steel. This, of course, is rubbish; but it had certain obvious tactical advantages—not least of which was the implication that the Labour leadership was itself uncertain and divided. Mr Robens has stultified this particular gambit. He has also stated categorically that the case for steel nationalisation is nothing to do with the present efficiency of the industry, but is based on the proposition that public ownership 'is vital to the economic planning of this nation's affairs'. That knocks down the steelmasters' second line of defence, which is to suggest that Labour is falsely imputing inefficiency to the industry. It now remains for some Labour spokesman to point out that public ownership of these great centres of private economic power is also something to do with the leisurely process of constructing a Socialist society.

Breaking Up the LCC?

Kensington this week became the third London borough to demand that the LCC should be reduced in status. The idea is that it should become a mere co-ordinating body and that its main functions be redistributed to the metropolitan boroughs, or bodies based on them, with populations of not less than 200,000. Nothing, of course, will come of such projects until the Royal Commission on London Government has heard evidence and made its report, and the government has thereafter decided what action to take upon it; the London Tories are already in full cry against the LCC, which they accuse of bureaucracy and of being too remote from the ordinary citizens; these demands for breaking it up are linked to next month's LCC elections. Labour has been in continuous control of London since 1934; and it is most unlikely that it will fail to win again this year. It may, indeed, increase its majority. LCC London, however, is still confined within the limit of the area covered by the Metropolitan Management Act of 1855, which set up the Board of Works whose boundaries remained unchanged when the LCC took over in 1888. Consequently, the LCC is no longer the only authority covering Greater London, or even the majority of its inhabitants, the population of the inner district having declined while that of the suburbs outside the LCC area has greatly expanded. There is clearly a strong case for some sort of Greater London authority with planning and co-ordinating powers over a much larger area, but it does not at all follow that the administrative powers now exercised by the LCC within the county can profitably be broken up and transferred to the separate metropolitan boroughs.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

After Sakiet

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Felix Gaillard's face when he was told the news of the bombing of Sakiet Sid Youssef must have been an interesting study. Twenty-five French aircraft – including 17 supplied by the Americans – bombing and machine gunning, for over an hour, a Tunisian village during market-time; two International Red Cross vans destroyed in front of the village school; an indeterminate number of women and children killed – was this what Gaillard had ordered? Certainly, on 29 January, the Cabinet had agreed in principle that some sort of reprisal should be carried out against FLN concentrations on the far side of the Tunisian border. But this? M. Gaillard must have been sorely perplexed. Unfortunately for him, a few hours later – and possibly without even consulting him – his Defence Minister, Chaban-Delmas, expressed his satisfaction at this 'act of legitimate defence'; army HQ in Algiers published a communiqué stating that 'no civilian objectives and no Red Cross vans were damaged'; and on Monday morning two of the biggest French dailies, *Le Figaro* and *L'Aurore*, trumpeted their entire approval of the raid.

But there were others prepared to consider the evidence objectively. General Salan's explanations and his 'study of aerial photographs taken during the bombing of Sakiet Sidi Youssef' were weighed in the balance against eye-witness accounts of Swiss and Swedish Red Cross officials – and found wanting. As early as Sunday evening, French newspapermen – Chauvel of *Le Figaro*, Daniel of *L'Express*, Stéphane of *France Observateur* – visited the village and confirmed the brutal facts. By Monday, moreover, it was clear that a number of Cabinet ministers, led by M. Pineau, deplored the attack and favoured some sort of apologetic gesture by France; and when Tuesday's debate opened, it was thought that Gaillard intended to bow to their wishes. Instead came a timid and ambiguous statement which satisfied no one. Indeed, on its face value it can only be interpreted as condonation of the raid.

Not only France will suffer the disastrous consequences of this savage act. It has dealt a heavy blow – perhaps a mortal one – to the whole basis of Bourguiba's pro-western policy. Two days before the raid, the FLN chiefs decided to transfer their HQ from Tunis to Cairo, not only to express their solidarity with the new Egyptian-Syrian union, but also to show their growing dislike for Bourguiba's despairing attempts to remain on good terms with the West. They made it clear that they could no longer bear to see copies of *L'Aurore*, with its daily outpourings of anti-Arab racialism, publicly on sale in the free Tunisian republic, and French propaganda films, glorying in the Algerian war, screened on Tunisian cinemas. Why, they asked, should French citizens in Tunisia enjoy extra-territorial privileges? And why should Bourguiba express pro-American sentiments at the very moment that Washington was giving France a loan of $650 million obtained for the express purpose of prolonging the war?

The bombing of Sakiet has reinforced each and all of these emotions. *L'Action*, the organ of Bourguiba's younger followers, put the case clearly: 'To be respected in 1958, one can no longer afford to be a friend of the West. To be courted and deferred to, one must be a Nehru, a Tito or a Nasser. The day Bourguiba decides to follow the path trodden by Nasser since 1952, Tunisia will no longer be abused and attacked, but solicited'.

Washington

Groans in the Dark

If President Eisenhower were in the best of health and far more knowing in the ways of politics than he has ever pretended to be, the Republican Party would still be in a 'time of troubles' but, to press the Toynbee allusion, it might at least be responding to the challenge. As it is, the party appears to be flying apart.

Even the mathematics of this year's congressional elections are against the hapless Republicans. Twenty of their Senators must face the voters, while only 13 Democratic seats are at stake – five of them, moreover, in the South and therefore beyond the most sanguine Republican grasp – and in the House the Democrats enjoy a similar advantage. Yet this handicap, serious enough, is nothing compared with the handicap the Republicans have imposed on themselves through a lack of party coherence so unnecessary in its thoroughness as to stun the political observer.

At the core of the debacle is the simple fact that as a political force Mr Eisenhower is spent. Since he cannot run again and, by his personal popularity, save the party from its passion for disunity, his power would be waning in any case. Given the state of his health, his seeming indifference to politics, and his advisers' formidable capacity for blundering, his influence in the party has all but evaporated. The net reaction to his recent series of messages to Congress is irritation mingled with such frustration that at least 12 Republicans in the House have decided against even making a try for re-election.

In the Administration's programme there is something to alienate every faction of the party and, as one Republican bitterly complained, 'not a single thing to help Republicans get elected'. Westerners, for whose constituents water improvements are a crying need, are outraged – including so conservative a party leader as Senator Knowland – at the decision to drop all new reclamation projects from the year's budget. Farm state Republicans are so incensed at the proposal to reduce price supports on major farm commodities that for many of them the launching of *Explorer* was disappointing only because Secretary of Agriculture Benson was not a passenger. Republican Congressmen from eastern cities are worried about the move to cut appropriations for welfare programmes, with unemployment on the rise and no plans to deal with it.

This uniquely dissatisfying list of recommendations has left Mr Eisenhower with very faint party enthusiasm on Capitol Hill and still less, it appears, among workers in the precincts. The

old guard and 'modern' Republicans alike have served irate notice that they intend to get their reclamation projects through Congress in spite of the President.

By and large, the liberal wing of the party, never a major factor in an Administration it once considered its own, has been more than ever neglected since the President's illness. Its leaders complain that they are rarely consulted, and they get no help at all from the White House in their struggles with the old guard faction back home.

On the other hand, right-wingers, with no further need of Mr Eisenhower's campaign services and certainly no fear of rousing his dormant opposition, have become openly scornful. 'Let's face it,' one of them recently allowed himself to be quoted, 'Ike's a hindrance to the whole show.' *National Review*, an intellectual organ of the far right, went all the way a few weeks ago with a cartoon depicting the headquarters of 'Citizens for Optimism'. Beneath a portrait of the grinning President were such jabbing slogans as 'Never Change Platitudes in Mid-Century', 'Don't Sell Over-Simplification Short', and 'How Do We Know Whistling in the Dark Won't Work Unless We Try It?' It seems a long time since they all liked Ike.

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

More Respectable Convenience?

Earl Attlee recently described the House of Lords as 'a convenience adjacent to the House of Commons', but for most Socialists the Lords have been and are far more of an embarrassment than a convenience and there are signs that this embarrassment may be considerably increased when the Life Peerages Bill, which we debated this week, becomes law.

Labour opposed this bill in language which Mr R. A. Butler described as 'hysterical', though by comparison with some of the things said about the Lords by Messrs Lloyd George and Churchill in the past, Labour's comments seemed like the cooing of doves. But Labour's opposition in its present form may breed some interesting difficulties. In his speech, Mr Gaitskell put forward no definite plans. The occasion did not call for them. He did not say whether Labour is in favour of single chamber Government. He did not say what its views were on a nominated second chamber.

This was a wise move since neither he nor anyone else knows what Labour thinks on such matters. He confined himself to repeating Labour's objection to the hereditary principle, to a separately elected second chamber and to the existing powers of delay possessed by the Lords. Because the Bill left both principle and powers virtually intact, because it was meant as a cloak to hide the shabby disreputability of the Lords, Labour would vote against it.

But, of course, the Bill will go through. And what will happen then? Presumably, Mr Harold Macmillan will ask Mr Gaitskell to nominate a number of Labour men as life peers. Will Mr Gaitskell accept the invitation even though he opposed the Bill? If so, will he not be clothing a disreputable body with some pretence of respectability? But if he refuses the invitation, Mr Macmillan will probably approach various Labour men independently. What if they accept in the face of their leader's refusal to co-operate? Will Labour list the House of Lords as a banned organisation? Will it declare life peerages black?

Then, what is to happen when Labour gets into power? It is known that the present number of Labour peers in the Lords is so small that individuals are hopelessly overworked. If the House of Lords is to be allowed to continue, more Labour men will have to be sent there to share the work. Would such men be made life peers although Labour opposed the Bill and may, under a Conservative government, have refused to work it? Or will Labour, as in the past, put itself in the ridiculous position of making hereditary peers?

These difficulties would, of course, be avoided if the Labour Party as a whole were fully decided to carry out the policy adopted at the 1934 Conference and abolish the House of Lords. But for the moment such a decision is being avoided, mainly, I think, because the leadership, feeling that it may have more important things to deal with, does not wish to accept this as an electoral commitment. However, the hand of the leadership may be forced. It is clear that the Conservatives look on the present bill as only a first move in the difficult operation of making the Lords more respectable, and so of enhancing its power – 'by adding a ladies' rest room to the convenience' as one member said. They have aroused many on the Labour benches who are not militant abolitionists, who are fully content to leave bad alone but who will not accept anything which increases the Lords' prestige. Hence Labour backbenchers are increasingly feeling, as Mr Churchill felt in 1909, that it is time for the Lords to 'pass peacefully and painlessly away'.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

It now begins to look as if the British passion for sensational Sunday reading, although still lusty enough to keep the presses rolling for a long time yet, is now past its peak. All the main ABC figures of average sales for the last six months of 1957 are now out. And from them it seems clear that, compared with the comparable figures for the last six months of the previous year, the combined circulation of the popular mass circulation Sunday newspapers has slumped by well over 1,230,000. Indeed figures of actual sales now would probably show an even more substantial fall, for, according to such information as I have from trade circles, sales of most of the big popular Sunday papers have fallen so consistently since the increase in price towards the end of last year that the average for the six months may give a too rosy impression. However, the six monthly average figures themselves provide a sufficiently interesting indication of trend.

Apart from the lessons to be drawn from the over-all decline in circulations, what is most significant is the kind of paper which has been most hit. The biggest falls were registered by the *Sunday Dispatch*, whose average circulation during the second half of last year was more than 300,000 below that of the comparable period of the previous year, the *News of the World*, which registered a fall of some 267,000, and the *Empire News*, whose average sales were down by 200,000. All three – although the *Dispatch* under both its present and previous editor has cleaned itself up and become more sober at the cost of being also a good deal duller – have been particularly known in the past for catering for the cruder tastes of the mass public.

At one time this brought very rich circulation rewards indeed to all three – and especially so, of course, to the *News of the World*, with its unrivalled coverage of each week's police court crop of rape, adultery and violent assault. Just after the war when the *News of the World* circulation rose to well over 8,000,000, it looked as if its well-tried formula for the day of rest and meditation, which has hardly been changed for more than a century, was going to be as successful in bringing in the new public of the secondary-educated as it had been in attracting their less literate fathers and grandfathers. This does not now seem anything like so certain. There have been indications recently of attempts, not altogether successful, to widen the appeal of the paper, without, of course, losing the hard core of sexual misdemeanour – the rock on which the fortunes of the paper have been built for so long. But with an average circulation down to only just on 7,000,000 for the last six-month period (and I suspect it may be well below that now) it certainly looks as if the old appeal is not quite what it was.

Nor can either the *Dispatch* or the *Empire News* view the future with the same glow as formerly. The *Dispatch*, in spite of having seen the red light – if one may use what is bound to be a slightly ambiguous expression in this connection – some time ago, has not yet succeeded in finding a way to combine propriety with popularity to the degree needed to either hold its old public or find a new one. The *Empire News*, although it, too, has recently been given a new editor does not even seem to be trying to do so. And that too much propriety can be just as fatal as too little is, indeed, evidenced by the fate of Lord Kemsley's other paper – the *Sunday Graphic*. This at one time made a big bid for success as a de-sexed *Sunday Pictorial*. More recently it has been trying to make a corner for itself in picture documentaries. But not to much avail. Its average circulation is down by 150,000, which, at its circulation level of not much above the million mark, represents a very substantial percentage fall.

Compared with the fall in these four, the *Sunday Pictorial's* loss of 118,000 and the *People's* of 70,000 are, taking into account their total circulations, comparatively trivial. No one, of course, would claim that either the *Pictorial* or the *People* crosses to the other side of the road when there is good sex or crime to be dabbled in. But, contrary to the view of those who do not read it, the *Pictorial*, in fact, devotes much less of its space to either than you might think. Its success is much more due to its regular exposure of bureaucratic and other assaults on the ordinary man, to its general homey quality, and to its capacity for identifying itself with its readers, than to the sensationalism either of sex or violence. And although one would hesitate to deny to the *People* the claim to be sensational it also has established for itself a special place as a crusader ever on the lookout for wrongs to put right. Especially, of course, if they lend themselves to very black headlines. It has indeed several quite notable campaigns – and successes – to its credit.

As another piece of evidence that sex and sensations do not pay quite as they used to do, the *Sunday Express*, which although it has other faults – some of them to my mind even more venal – has always maintained a very Presbyterian disdain for such matters, has stood up to the fall in Sunday newspaper reading better than any others among the popular Sunday papers. Its average sale is down on the year by a mere 36,000 and compared with the first six months of last year is actually up by 2,000 or so. From all of which it certainly does begin to look as if popular Sunday reading habits are beginning to get somewhat more sophisticated than they were.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Crossing the Line

SOMEWHERE between Entebbe and Salisbury the air hostess leans solicitously over your seat. 'Would you like a card to show you have crossed the line?' Self-consciously you take the piece of paper inviting all men to know that you have joined the select band of travellers who have looked on the northern and southern hemispheres 'at one time'. But, after all, you have done it from a Britannia, symbol of European technocracy. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that you descend to earth trailing instinctive clouds of white supremacy. So this is Central Africa! And, like a neo-Livingstone, you have come, at whatever personal hazard, to spread enlightenment. Not for you the crudities of the white settler who has so badly lost touch with progressive thought at home. You come as the friend, of course, of the African. From him, at any rate, you will get a response.

Embarrassing, therefore, to be welcomed so warmly by the whites – claimed as a blood relative almost before the buzzing has cleared from your ears. 'Boy, take the *dona's* bag' – and he does, eagerly, and is touchingly grateful for the sixpenny tip which he takes in two cupped hands. (It's enough, isn't it? After all, Garfield Todd's much-disputed wage increase has raised the African urban rate – for a limited number of trades – only to £6 10s per month.) The European who meets you is scrupulously polite to the 'boy'. And in no time at all you are racing in the comfortable car ('No one can exist here without a car, public transport is so bad') to the heart of Salisbury.

Yes, this is certainly a boom town. Miniature skyscrapers springing up everywhere and the roads left wide between, like the Middle West. Even Northern Rhodesia's copper slump has not cast a heavy shadow over this development yet. In no time at all you are in your comfortable – and very expensive – hotel. It takes rather longer to get your tea. ('I do apologise, but he's a new boy and absolutely hopeless. Who said these people were ready for self-government?') In no time at all, too, your heart learns to sink when an African voice answers as you dial 'reception'. It is annoying to have to explain so many times and so carefully.

Invitations flow in. Anyone from home is welcome, even a Red. And anyway there are dozens of Europeans with a vested interest in brainwashing. First, the strictly official federal government line – a little 'take it or leave it', this. Federal credit is proving itself financially and soon, it is not too delicately hinted, the Federation will be able to snap its fingers at Westminster. The representatives of HMG, on the other hand, are anxious to stress to you that 'partnership' – given time – will prove a reality. Here, when you raise the question of the colour bar, you are assured that the Warren Hill scheme is official policy. This plan for a federal enclave in Salisbury ingeniously evades Southern Rhodesia's Land Apportionment Act under which the whole municipality is graded as a 'white' area. Warren Hill will be a sort of no-man's-land of diplomatic immunity; it will contain the federal parliament and other buildings, even a multi-racial hotel where federal MPs can mix without challenging the colour bar in its innermost citadel. No longer will African federal MPs have to stay in specially provided flats six miles outside the city centre, depending on government-supplied cars to bring them to parliament. It is a pity, your instructors add, that only a token start can be made on the scheme this year – for purely financial reasons, of course.

But it is from European 'liberals' that one gets one's grounding in the Federation's multi-racial philosophy. 'Give us time, Mrs Castle; you have no idea how much progress has been made.' Why, until as recently as 1939, the African was not allowed to walk on the pavements in Salisbury – he had to keep to the gutter or the road. And everyone knows how, as a result of steadily more enlightened practice, this by-law fell into disuse. The important thing is to progress by stealth. Garfield Todd's mistake, of course, was that he declared his aims – and look what happened to the United Party when Hofmeyer made that mistake in South Africa! The best example of how to do good by stealth is the new multi-racial federal university in Salisbury. A revolutionary idea this, for Southern Rhodesia. 'And if people like you in Westminster, Mrs Castle, had had your way, it would have been killed stone-dead at the start. If we had insisted, as you wanted us to, in making it non-segregated all the way, even to the living quarters, not a European would have sent his child to it. As it is, we have entered our second year with far more applications from European students than from African ones. Because of this we have been able to say to the European students who are applying this year that if they want to come they must overflow into the African students' hostel. And none of them so far has been put off by this.'

Powerfully, the argument goes on. 'You'd be surprised, Mrs Castle, at how many of us invite Africans into our homes.' And suddenly, something snaps in the brain that is being washed. And the cornered guest hits back: 'I'll be much more impressed when you tell me how many Africans invite *you* into *their* homes.' There is a moment's painful silence, in which the two privileged Africans in the company share. And then, rather pathetically, comes the European reply: 'Of course, we'd go, if they asked us. Only they don't – they haven't the same facilities in their houses as we have, you know. . . .' And suddenly one is face to face with that bogy of multi-racial relations—lavatories. Even de-segregation-by-stealth at Salisbury University has not gone to the lengths of compelling Europeans to share the same bathrooms with Africans. European students may be being forced, by shortage of accommodation, to share the same hostel, but they are guaranteed different corridors, self-contained with their own sitting rooms and washplaces.

But does the African care very much, after all? Certainly in Southern Rhodesia race relations seem peaceful enough. Federation, by strength-

ening Southern Rhodesia, has brought some by-products for the African – a wage increase, a relatively go-ahead educational programme (80 per cent. of African children at school compared with 40 per cent. or even 25 per cent. elsewhere in the Federation), the admission of some higher-grade Africans to the federal public service. The African National Congress, recently re-formed, has been quiet and the small African middle class has been successfully assimilated socially into liberal European circles on the understanding that it does not challenge white preserves publicly. When the first African, Herbert Chitepo, qualified as a barrister, a little difficulty arose. Under the Land Apportionment Act, he could not rent an office in the 'white' area of Salisbury and for a time his whole practice seemed threatened. But the Bar Council rallied round and the problem was settled by rushing through a clause in an amending act for his especial benefit. Herbert Chitepo is a law unto himself, even using the 'Europeans Only' lifts at the Supreme Court with impunity. The first swallow or the exception that proves the rule? No one can say, except that Garfield Todd has fallen because he talked too much.

And suddenly, thinking back to an earlier, crowded week in Johannesburg, you understand why so many Africans inside and outside the Federation hate Southern Rhodesia so much, even more than the Union. No white leader in Salisbury, not even the most liberal-minded European, has even tried to 'cross the line'. The most he has done is to welcome one or two Africans over to his own side, on his own terms. And your mind goes back to the Drill Hall in Johannesburg where the famous 156 (now down to 95) have been spending 13 months at the preliminary investigation of the charge against them of treasonable conspiracy. At the Drill Hall it isn't even a point of pride, it is an instinctive move, for any European associated with the accused to use the non-Europeans' entrance – or to accompany an African or Indian through the 'Europeans Only' one. It is so inconvenient, as well as stupid, to be segregated that nobody takes any notice of it. And you remember, too, the conference called by the Institute of Race Relations at which Mr Leo Marquard read his rather prosy, but factually compelling, indictment of the economic consequences of apartheid. At first the audience, well dressed and predominantly white, seemed irritating in its 'do-goodery' until you remembered that probably most people in the room had risked imprisonment by selling flags for the Treason Trial Fund or taking part in the defiance campaign. In Johannesburg, Nationalist policy has compelled every thinking man and woman to 'cross the line' and, in doing so, they have made rich discoveries. They have rediscovered a continent and have not been afraid to find it African.

It takes patience – and humility – to make that discovery. My last memory of Johannesburg is of visiting the offices of the sadly depleted Labour Party, with its chairman, Mrs Jessie Macpherson. It was a Saturday morning and the block of offices was almost empty. Three Africans, two women and a man, knocked at the door and said that they had come to hand over some money for the Treason Trial Fund. When Jessie explained to them that the offices of the Fund were closed, their faces fell. Could they come back on Monday? No, that was obviously too difficult. Could they hand the money over to her? They hesitated, weighed down with responsibility. If she could give them a signed and stamped receipt, they decided at last, after long consultation, they could. Was it a lot of money, she asked. Yes, a lot of money. How much? Hesitation at this and then: 'More than three pounds'. And so the hunt to find a stamp for the receipt began. It took a long time and I was impatiently late for another appointment, but I knew that this great mission had to take precedence. Three efforts had to be made to compose the receipt before they were satisfied. The money, the two women explained, had come from members of Congress, but it must also be made clear that it came from the residents of a municipal women's hostel; six of them had raised the sum among themselves and their part in it must be clearly identified. And then, satisfied at last, they carefully counted out on to the table £11 18s. 2d., mostly in small change. And as I looked at them, at their thin bodies under their cheap macintoshes, at the black faces earnest under severe berets, I was suddenly ashamed: ashamed of the preoccupations with my comfortable European life which kept me out of touch with people like this. And I understand how, when once you have crossed the barrier, you cannot really breathe anywhere else.

BARBARA CASTLE

Beyond Stagnation

THERE is a clear and definite answer to the economic difficulties of Britain. We have to change this country from a low to a high investment economy. If we could do this, we should automatically solve a number of our most painful domestic and international problems. But so long as this objective is not the primary aim of policy, our crises will persist. The links with the Commonwealth will continue to wither away, for loyalty to the Crown is no substitute for co-operative interdependence based upon our technical knowledge and capital resources. At the same time, our influence in international affairs will diminish and our domestic social difficulties will hamper our development as the largest of the small powers. In domestic affairs, the failure to become a dynamic high investment system must have similar disadvantages: we can neither offset a worsening of our foreign trading position, as between 1947 and 1951, nor make use of favourable opportunities when they occur, as happened after 1952. We have not merely been unable to secure stability while expansion continued but we have failed to stop inflation in the midst of stagnation.

There is a great opportunity for the first statesman who realises the decisive importance of this simple fact and is able to capture the imagination of the British voters by offering a clear political programme to restore the strength and self-reliance of Britain. The reason why the blunders of the Conservative government have had so little effect on public opinion is that no convincing positive policy has been put forward by Labour. How is such a positive policy to be shaped? It must be concentrated on the basic cause of weakness – not on the superficial monetary manifestations governed by the fleeting market gossip. And this basic cause of our weakness is the slowing down of economic dynamism in Britain. From being the leaders in European recovery we have already sunk to almost the last place: while industrial production in as diverse a collection of countries as Austria, Finland, France, Germany, Italy and Yugoslavia has, since 1953, expanded by between 40 and 66 per cent. ours has not increased by more than 16 per cent. in four years. Had our growth continued at the rate prior to 1950 our national productivity would be some 15 per cent. higher and we should dispose of some £3,000m. more goods and services each year. Nor is that all. As productivity and production increased we could more easily increase the pace of our domestic investment without having to cut back consumption or neglect our duties to the Commonwealth or our allies.

In a sense, no doubt, we have attempted too much – but not in Mr Thorneycroft's sense. We must look to the cause of our failure to increase productivity. Britain does not lack one of the ingredients of increased production – ingenuity. But we are lagging in the industrial application of ingenuity, that is, in industrial investment. Under the Tories the rate of increase of the share of investment in total national income fell sharply to less than half the previous rate, although a much larger part of the increase could have been assigned to investment as our consumption had by this time recovered far above pre-war levels. The growth of the national income, and of productivity, has been stunted: this is the price paid for the Conservative 'prosperity through free enterprise'. It is at the base of our failure to retain our share in export markets and the main reason for the exchange crises.

What we need is an increase in the rate of economic expansion from the post-war rate of 2¼ per cent., and the Tory rate of just under 2 per cent., to about 4 per cent. each year. If we were to succeed in this aim we should be able to more than double the rate of increase in real wages, without endangering price stability, and afford a far larger increase in money wages than was actually granted in Labour's term of office. We should, in addition, be able to provide *each year* over £400m. *more* (at present prices) for an increase in investment at home and abroad on non-wage-earners' consumption. To achieve this we have to make a once-and-for-all effort to raise net productive investment to about double its present rate.

There are at the moment four sources from which we could increase investment.

(a) There is first of all our unused national productive power. Tory monetary policy has been holding back production even below the relatively reduced limits permitted by investment. Though it is difficult to measure the extent of this potential, it should not be less than about £1,000m.

(b) Then there is defence, which Mr Thorneycroft tried to reduce. While the projected expenditure on arms proper has fallen rapidly since 1951, other costs have been steadily increasing and will increase further if the plans to abolish universal national service are not completely reversed.

(c) Inessential investment: the ending of building licences and other direct controls has permitted a tremendous boom in commercial buildings of all sorts which, while no doubt very profitable, do not contribute to a rapid growth of the national income.

(d) Finally, there is consumption. It was the premature and vote-catching expansion of consumption that has frustrated Tory hopes of being able to satisfy both individual ambitions and national requirements.

It may be thought that the first source of strength, the unused productive capacity of the nation, could prove sufficient. If it were, everything could be gained from nothing. But I do not myself believe that this is feasible, for several reasons. A fuller employment of our resources would certainly increase the pressure on the sys-

tem. Even if the *full* increase in national income could be reserved for investment (which is impossible) the strain would probably communicate itself to our balance of payments. Success seems to depend on a method of mobilising our resources which does at least not increase imports or cut export capacity. It is only in the second round that the mobilisation of unused resources can play a decisive role. No doubt control of imports could help: but the control of imports (and payments) is a difficult operation, which will take time to reconstitute. Of the three remaining sources, the tapping of inessential investment is perhaps the least politically and administratively difficult. But, if working-class housing is not to be reduced, the net savings which can be expected, though useful, can hardly be adequate.

Thus either defence or consumption, both politically awkward choices, must yield an appreciable contribution to the redress of our basic strength. Which of the two is to be the main source of the resources required is a political, not an economic, choice.

Once investment has been increased the domestic problem should present no real difficulties, though closest positive co-operation between the government and trade unions would still be required to keep wages from rising prematurely in the transition period. This must go far beyond anything attempted by the post-war Labour government or envisaged by Labour spokesmen in last week's disappointing debate. Such close co-operation will hardly be possible without some hope of rather substantial moral and material gains as a result of the sacrifice and the assurance of social justice by restraint on profits. The increase in investment and the acceleration of progress should provide a solid basis for such a comprehensive solution. After a transition period of, say, two or three years, the trade unions could look forward to an average increase in real wages twice as high as they have achieved.

The restraint on profits, essential if voluntary self-restraint on wages is to be achieved, could not be achieved by dividend-limitation, for the undistributed profits accumulate and represent an enhanced claim on future earnings and, through their capitalisation in the form of higher equity prices, also permit capital consumption. The policy for national recovery will therefore have to rest on a budget policy which would secure both social justice *and* higher net savings. This could only be achieved by an over-all budget surplus sufficiently large to secure a decrease in consumption despite a more equal distribution of personal incomes after taxes.

In British conditions an over-all surplus of £300m. a year – about the same as attained under Labour before 1950 – would represent a starting minimum. The eventual target aimed at should be considerably higher – from £500 to £600m. This would correspond to a conventional budget surplus of perhaps between £800 to £1100m. It should permit the required increase in total resources available for investment, as time goes on, of between four and five per cent.

In addition, as we have seen, a much closer direct control over investment will become essential to reduce the inessential and, on the other hand, discriminating tax concessions and, possibly, guarantees of loans and provision of buildings and equipment at favourable conditions to encourage desirable investment. Equally vital is the control of the export of capital. Together these measures should enable the country to accelerate the annual increase in physical productivity from roughly one to something between three and four per cent. If a rationalisation of production were speeded up by special fiscal and other measures in a number of industries, a further gain of perhaps one per cent a year could easily be attained. A solid basis would have been created for reconciling monetary stability and trade union demands for higher wages.

This programme, involving as it would a radical transformation of Britain from a low to an increasingly high investment country, would restore the dynamism which, despite our undoubted great achievements in the economic and social field, is so conspicuously lacking.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

DESPITE television, managerial and other revolutions, H-bomb, Sputnik and Explorer, elections are still conducted in this country in very much the same way as they have been for the last half-century. This I noted with fascination in Rochdale. As it happens, I was brought up on elections. Almost my first recollections of life are of committee rooms, sticking down envelopes, drinking tea with the faithful – mostly ladies of a certain age – standing outside polling booths to ensure that our supporters were provided with polling cards and generally encouraged. In those days we had very few motor cars compared with the other side, and were altogether at a great disadvantage as far as material resources were concerned – which only made it all seem more romantic and splendid. I think I must have canvassed almost before I could speak. The arguments I used – such as they were – were all derived from my father's speeches. I remember him so vividly at open air meetings – a short, resolute figure proclaiming the gospel of Socialism to the mostly unheeding Croydon Saturday evening shoppers. To me, he seemed the greatest orator in the world. As a matter of fact, he was pretty good, with a facility for making quick, amusing, pungent points. 'Why is it,' he would ask rhetorically, 'that whereas it's His Majesty's Navy, His Majesty's Government, His Majesty's Theatre, it's the National Debt? Why isn't *that* His Majesty's?'

* * *

Anyway, as I found at Rochdale, it all goes on more or less unchanged. Candidates wear huge rosettes; address those desolate little classroom audiences (only they're even smaller nowadays), often with traces of the day before's lesson still on the blackboard; send out masses of election literature which no one reads; distribute window-bills, and use the same old well-worn slogans. In matters of this kind the English are the most conservative of peoples. Hence the *News of the World*, the invariable arrangement of public and saloon bars, the ritual of seaside holidays, the entertainment offered on piers, where they still sell coloured postcards with mildly smutty jokes which never change from year to year.

* * *

One of the most distressing consequences of a catastrophe like the recent aeroplane accident in Munich is the manner in which the newspapers play it so hard that it is soon drained of all emotion, and even becomes positively repugnant. The amount of authentic feeling anyone has about a public disaster is necessarily limited. If the newspapers overdraw on this, the account is soon in the red. They always seem to me to overdo everything. They are like a ham actor playing Lear; he goes at it so hard that what is probably the greatest part in all literature become boring, if not derisory. Does this excess of zeal please their readers? Supposing a popular newspaper tried the opposite technique of economy of emotion, combined with a journalistic efficiency equal to the others, would it thrive? We shall never know because no one will ever make the experiment.

* * *

Having been the subject of (for the most part quite baseless) rumours of impending editorial appointments, I sometimes ask myself what I should do if I found myself in charge of a popular daily. In the first place, I should not try to make it like the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Daily Telegraph*, which cater, and must continue to cater, for a particular public. I should try to make it, in presentation and content, even more markedly popular. At the same time, I should work on the assumption that what really happens, whether in the field of home and foreign affairs, or of human interest, is vastly more exciting and amusing that what popular newspaper mystique requires should happen. Thus I should try to induce sub-editors, foreign correspondents, reporters, etc., to join in the task of conveying, in the simplest, most vivid manner, what is really going on in the world, without reference to any considerations of policy, national or particular interests, sensationalism or anti-sensationalism, personal or ideological prejudice; without reference, in fact, to any consideration whatsoever except that of telling the story of our times, day by day, clearly, simply and truthfully. So told, it should, in my opinion, be infinitely more exciting and readable than in any legendary presentation. Editors of popular dailies doubtless believe that they are doing what I suggest. In fact, they are not. Nor would I, or anyone else, ever be allowed to do it.

* * *

Now that cinema attendances are so markedly slumping, an ever increasing number of picture houses may be expected to close. In Camden Town there is a chapel which has been transformed into a cinema. Perhaps now it will revert to its original purpose. Cinemas have not, after all, had a very long vogue – only some four or five decades. And yet they have seemed, until quite recently, so flourishing that it is difficult to imagine suburban high streets without their bright-fronted Odeon or Paramount. A film executive told me recently that, in his opinion, it was as much improvement in housing as the competition of television which has broken the habit of cinema-going. When home conditions were particularly cramped and disagreeable, people went to the cinema for a change of scene, and did not much care what was on the screen. Now that conditions are better, they are content to stay at home and look at TV. He added that there were two categories for whom the cinema would continue to cater – elderly, lonely persons who want somewhere warm to have a nap on inclement afternoons, and young lovers in search of relative privacy. Neither of these categories is likely, I should suppose, to be particularly exigent about the quality of film shown.

* * *

How often, in public controversies, I find that what seems to me to be the essential point remains unmentioned. Take, for instance, the argument about support costs for British troops in Germany. The impression I formed on a recent visit to Germany is that the Germans are at heart indifferent whether British and French troops remain on German soil or not. All they really care about is that American troops should remain – as hostages rather than as a garrison, to ensure immediate and automatic American involvement if an attack comes from the East. British and French participation in defensive

arrangements seems to them purely notional, and they, therefore, grudge having to pay for it. For Britain and France, however, it is a question of national prestige. They want to rate as great powers fully participating in Nato without paying the requisite fee in manpower and convertible currency. Surely, the best solution would be for Britain and France to leave one crack battalion and one good military band each in Germany. This they could afford to pay for and it would suffice for ceremonial occasions. Probably it's about all the French have there anyway.

* * *

Eggheads, I have always considered, make history. They also quite often make fascinating news. Two such items during this last week took my fancy very much. The first was that one of the Chinese ideologues involved in a recent purge was accused, among other things, of having read the works of Harold Laski. The other that, to Graham Greene's considerable annoyance, there has been held in Washington a gala performance of the American film version of his *The Quiet American*, whose proceeds went to the Republic of Vietnam. If, in Dante's Inferno there should be a special hell for deceased writers, it would consist solely of an arrangement whereby they would be forced to observe the subsequent fate of their works. Shakespeare would have to hear Sir John Gielgud playing Prospero, Marx to study the works of Stalin, St Paul to attend morning service in St George's, Windsor, and Shaw to listen to long-playing records of *My Fair Lady*. As happened to him in life, Shaw would get off lightest. He would probably rather enjoy *My Fair Lady*.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Usual Channels

'The bank rate is not going to be reduced from 7 per cent. yet awhile. This was the signal which the Bank of England sent out through the "usual channels" yesterday'.—*Manchester Guardian.*

So what was all the fuss about
And who was cleared of doing what?
The signals never were in doubt,
Provided one was hep, and not
A square like me, in dirty flannels,
Who wouldn't *know* the Usual Channels.

But if you wear a bowler hat
And job or broke a pretty stock
Or bull or bear and have, at that,
Some property to sell or hock,
You tap Threadneedle Street's intentions
By codes like contract bridge conventions.

Let 'em breed peers by A.I.D.
From intellectual studs – who cares?
The thing that really worries *me*
Is all this tricky truck with shares;
The Honours List is still for thanking
The heroes of finance and banking.

It's still enough to vote for Mac
And fill the Party Chest with dough,
Do reverence to the Union Jack,
John Foster and the *status quo;*
So damn the dopes who try to meddle
With guys who have some shares to peddle.

I will arise and buy a gamp
And sit on some Directors' Boards –
Those Usual Channels are the ramp
To the Old Lady or the Lords;
Hence, vain, deluding Melancholy:
I only lack a spot of lolly.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My husband and I are shortly to attend an important public dinner and I understand we shall be seated side by side. He is rather a taciturn man and I feel we shall sit in silence throughout the meal which will look as if we are not on good terms, whereas we are happily married but not in the habit of making conversation to each other.—Letter in *Woman and Home.* (N. M. Hornick.)

According to a director of the old-established firm who boldly ushered hire purchase into the gun trade a few years ago, the system has not greatly prospered. This he attributes not to any feeling on the part of would-be customers that the idea is somehow ungentlemanly, but simply to 'the very personal relationship that exists between the Englishman and his gun.' —*The Times.* (V. L. Dowse.)

I would like to see a budgerigar in every prison cell. The company of these little birds would help many of our criminals toward a new and more gentle way of life.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (R. Wolfe.)

The wives of six Luton Town footballers had their hair set in champagne yesterday—because their local hairdresser believes it is not fair that their husbands should get all the glamour.—*News Chronicle.* (M. Owen.)

Chamber music is usually slow, dreary and drab. Why subsidise it?—Letter in *Reynolds News.* (H. E. Rank.)

Disorder in the House

IN 1949 I saw and heard Winston Churchill snap across the House: 'Parliamentary democracy – there was a parliamentary democracy in this country before the Labour Party was born'. Nye Bevan rapped back. 'There wasn't – there was a parliament but not a democracy – your people were here and mine were not.' That is worth remembering when we consider the current criticisms of the House of Commons. Too many of the wrong people are there to satisfy the Establishment; and when a Tory government is doing badly – for example, the Nato debate of 20 December – the cry goes up 'blame parliament'. It was not until 1950, a year after the exchange between Churchill and Bevan, that we reached, with the abolition of the university franchise, complete political democracy – one man (one woman), one vote – one vote one value.

In 1829 we had the last Labourers' Revolt in this country. The great Reform Act of 1832 gave votes, and with them power, to the middle class in the boroughs, and in the counties to farmers and large tenant farmers – not to lesser tenants or townspeople or labourers. In short, of all adults, only one in 20 received the vote. Thirty-five years later, in 1867, the proportion went up to 15 per cent.: in the boroughs the working-class householders got the vote, and in the counties it was given to lesser tenant farmers, and to middle-class people in small towns and villages. The counties were still the strongholds of vested interest. By 1884, the franchise extended to all male householders and to tenants of unfurnished rooms; this time the counties as well as the towns got the extension, and the electorate became a quarter of the adult population. Another 34 years passed. In 1918 all men over 21 and women over 30 were enfranchised. We were up to 75 per cent. Women over 21 got the vote in 1928.

Throughout a century of franchise struggles, those who wished to defend privilege naturally claimed that government by an elected élite was both wise and good. Contemporary writers, however, gave it rough handling. Hazlitt said: 'Talk of mobs, see how few who have distinguished themselves in the House have ever done anything else.' It outraged Dickens, who despised 'the great dust-heap of Westminster' and, as Una Pope-Hennessy has pointed out, never gave it even a sympathetic character or reference. Consider, for instance, Brook-Dingwall, MP, the Eatanswill Election, Gregsbury in *Nicholas Nickleby* or Gradgrind, MP, in *Hard Times.*

Parliamentary manners probably reached an all time low when the place was at its most exclusive in the years just after 1832. Broughton compared it to a menagerie and Earl Asquith had this very much in mind when he opined – and his own experience over Ulster made him no mean judge – 'that the manners of the House are much better than they were in pre-democratic days'. Macaulay quotes a scene of a sitting in 1839 – 'of unseemly demeanour and scurrilous language' – Lord Norreys whistling and bellowing and making all sorts of noises, O'Connell complaining of 'beastly bellowings'. Lord Maidstone wanted the word 'beastly' retracted, 'then I shall be satisfied'.

O'Connell: 'I do not care whether the noble Lord is satisfied or not.'

Maidstone: 'I wish you would give me satisfaction.'

O'Connell: 'I advise the noble Lord to carry his liquor meekly.'

We are told that the tumult at last ended when the members were physically exhausted. It was past one, and the steady bellowing had been going on from six o'clock with little interruption. (This seems to put the recent efforts on Suez in the shade, though they exhausted me.) And, of course, there was continual turmoil with the Irish Nationalists – the sitting and the obstruction that lasted (31 January to 2 February, 1881) 41½ hours and brought the 'closure' into our procedure.

Maiden speeches today – the most banal of them – are heard in almost reverent silence; they are always commended pleasantly by whoever follows. No one seems to know what Disraeli said that so upset the House the first time he got to his feet. It may have been the foppish appearance – his pomposity. Goodness knows – speeches of those days hardly bear re-reading now. It may have been anti-Semitism, because 14 years later Mr Salomans, a Jew from Greenwich, refused to take the oath 'on the true faith of a Christian'. All hell's bells broke out – the Speaker ordered him out and the Serjeant put him out. When a new member now takes his seat he advances to the table and takes the oath according to his fashion, whether Gentile or Jew, swearing by Almighty God, or affirming 'honestly and sincerely'. That he is allowed to do so, he owes to Charles Bradlaugh, whose elections, ejections and re-elections won that right for me. Those scenes of hysteria and persecution cannot be looked back on without a sense of deep shame.

What did Mr Gladstone say in 1885? He was complaining about parliamentary behaviour, and using such strong words as 'conduct so extraordinary and unparalleled'. He was pulled up indignantly by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who said: 'I have heard interruptions of the same kind ever since I entered the House'.

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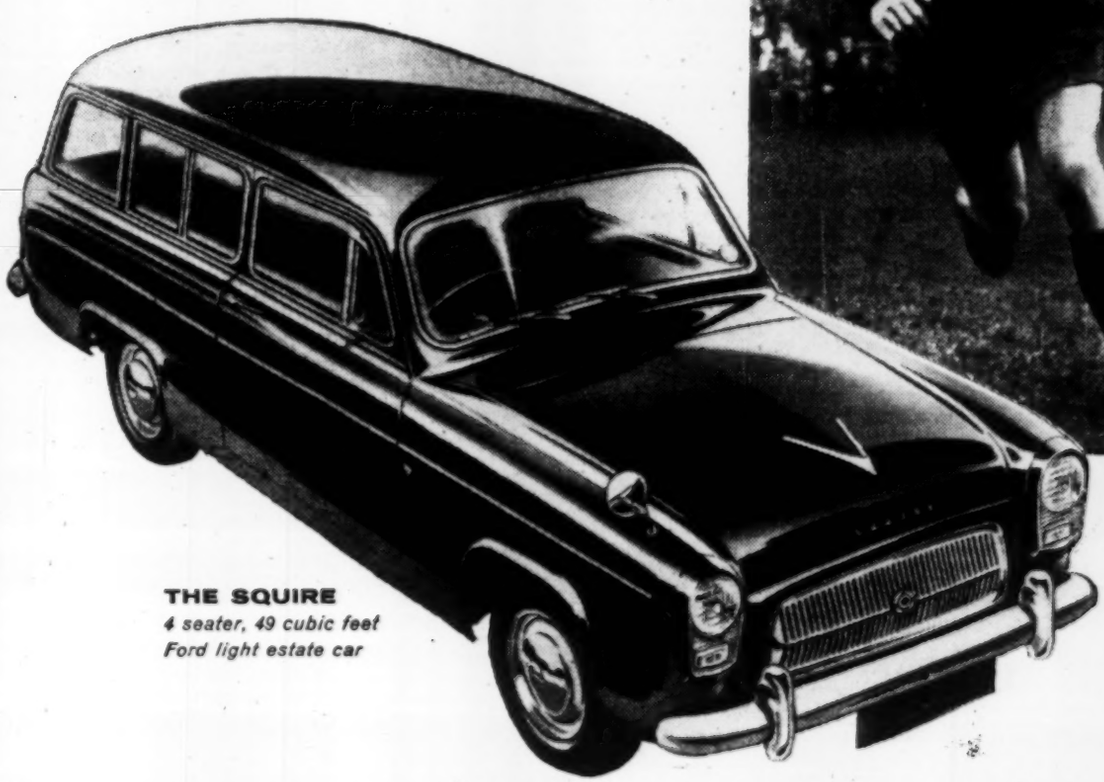

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Home Rule Bill became a battleground between Nationalists and Unionists with far more than wordy violence. The following year, Keir Hardie was 'standing alone'. The government had refused time for a motion of sympathy to the relatives of the victims of a Welsh pit disaster. Two days later a Humble Address was moved congratulating the Queen on the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York. Keir Hardie challenged a division, for which he failed to find a seconder. Emrys Hughes quotes the contemporary *West Ham Herald*: 'I've been to a wild beast show at feeding time, I've been at a football match when the referee gave a wrong decision . . . but in all my natural life I have never witnessed a scene like this. They howled and yelled and screamed, but he stood his ground.' The years, and the growls, pass until 1911, when for half an hour Asquith stood at the box, and the Gentlemanly Party, led by F. E. Smith and Hugh Cecil, just would not let him speak. When the Prime Minister was shouted down by the mob, the Speaker suspended the sitting – the first time for 18 years. George Lansbury had to leave the following year, when he was moved to rage about the Premier's indifference to the treatment of suffragettes. Such disturbances, however, were nothing like the rumpus of the following year.

On 13 November, 1912, cries of 'traitor' were hurled at the government benches. Sir Rufus Isaacs was howled down, and the Tory opposition were yelling: 'There is your parliamentary machine broken', and 'No more business in the House'. The Tory, Ronald McNeil, later to become Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and retire as Lord Cushendon, looked round for a missile. He found it – Mr Speaker's copy of the Standing Orders – and threw it, we are told 'accurately', at Winston Churchill's head. And there was more rough stuff next year. Bonar Law, then leading the opposition, was asked by the Speaker, rather stupidly perhaps, whether all the uproar 'had his assent and approval'. To this clanger he gave a stinging riposte to the effect that he did not presume to judge Mr Speaker's duty but thought he knew his own.

There have been plenty of incidents since those days, as there always will be when men feel that issues are urgent and important but, since World War I, the House has been getting better behaved. In 1923, Jimmy Maxton called the government supporters in general, and Sir Frederick Banbury in particular, 'murderers' over the withdrawal of welfare milk from necessitous mothers – and, with John Wheatley, Campbell Stephen and George Buchanan, he was suspended. The next year, Buchanan got his ears boxed for calling Leo Amery a 'guttersnipe'.

In 1927 John Beckett seized the Mace. To some, this seemed like sacrilege, and it almost gave the Serjeant-at-Arms heart failure. Ten years later David Kirkwood was telling Mr Speaker: 'I do not give a damn if you ask me to leave the House or not'. Eleven years later (1938) Manny Shinwell gave a Tory – and an ex-champion boxer at that – a thick ear for insulting him as a Jew and telling him 'go back to Poland'.

Since I entered the House in 1949, the nearest we have got to rowdier days and noisier times was during the Suez debates, and the one and only time I have seen a sitting suspended was on 1 November 1956 – for half an hour. All evidence and history goes to show that, though some allege that our present politicians are more mealy-mouthed and thin-skinned, there's no doubt at all that they are better behaved, more tolerant and constructive. The Palace of Westminster is very much a workshop nowadays. Violence is frowned upon. Those who sigh for the gentler manners of yesteryear just don't know their history – or perhaps what the Gentlemanly Party were capable of. The arrival of Nye Bevan's people has improved the place.

CHARLES PANNELL

A Question of Faith

As soon as we climbed down from the dilapidated bus into the dusty village square, it was clear we would attract as much attention as a travelling circus. The Anglicised north where one could buy the *Saturday Evening Post* with the London dailies, Elvis Presley records and refrigerators was behind us. For half an hour we had rumbled through a yellow Maltese countryside of tiny, walled fields, where an occasional tractor lumbered clumsily like a tortoise in a box, where peasants with vegetable carts replaced servicemen with Austins, and hamlets of flat, stone houses sprawled like the self-effacing lizards that overran them. There had been the odd glimpse of bright blue sea beyond, while around us shades of yellow, brown and pink reflected a sun so dazzling that the flame of the candle under the picture of the Virgin by the driver's seat became invisible.

Now we were there, in the village whose unpronounceable name read like a line of typewriter errors, and whose air of crowded domesticity probably hadn't materially changed for centuries. Births, marriages and deaths were the only things that could possibly happen here.

Dark-skinned urchins with wide, delighted eyes, rushed to tell their mothers; a group of barefoot men in rolled-up denims and cloth caps came out of a bar to stare; shapeless women, squatting in doorways along the pavementless streets, glanced up from their babies. We walked self-consciously across the square past a small girl filling a rusty bucket at a communal pump. A khaki-clad policeman watched us from under the imitation-English, blue lamp of the police station and, next to him, the church dominated everything with its typically huge and monkish presence. We peered in through the great wooden doors to where women, in the black-hooded faldettas which made ancient travellers think Malta was peopled by nuns, were kneeling and chanting. After a cursory glance we retreated under the ferocious scowls which two old ladies cast on our shorts.

We struck out through the streets—yellow, dusty, an armspan across, with children running wild and unkempt families sitting around bamboo-curtained doorways in the crumbling walls. The elders watched us with the unyielding hostility of householders who had found strangers picnicking in their back garden; the children called out 'Hello – English?' and hid their heads in paroxysms of helpless laughter when we cheerily answered. We passed carts overflowing with melons and tomatoes, to which housewives were lowering baskets from theatre-box balconies, we dodged mule manure, a couple of goats and bony dogs sleeping in the dust.

Scorching sun—105 in the shade—and a meal of salty fish had renewed our thirst. We would have gone back to the pump but that seepage of sea into the reservoirs made water unpalatable in most parts of the island. A half-drawn bamboo curtain, with a barrel of tiny pears in its gloomy interior, announced a shop and we pushed inside. A shrunken old woman looked at us, startled, through hanging and heaped piles of merchandise.

'Good afternoon – have you any . . .?' She ambled off like a frightened monkey. When she reappeared, a younger woman, flabby and pleasant-faced, was with her. 'English?' she asked. 'Yes, we wanted some Coca-Cola'. She went to the door and uttered a shrill torrent of words which left no doubt about the arabic origins of the language. A small boy of about eight came running in and the woman pointed to us.

'English?' he asked. 'What you want, Joe?' 'Coca-Cola.' There was a jabbering altercation with the two women. At last he beckoned. 'Come with me, Joe.' We followed into the blistering heat, wondering what GI had ever taught him English. A tribe of urchins joined us, passionately questioning our guide and receiving haughty, monosyllabic answers.

'Wait here, Joe', he ordered and slipped into a doorway. He reappeared some minutes later with a sweating, chubby man who addressed us immediately in a gush of English with a strong American accent. 'Sorry you been waitin'—you English?—I been to the States—come this way please, sir and madam.' We gave the astonished urchin sixpence and followed our new leader in the constant shuffle of responsibility.

'A good boy', he said, pushing aside a clacking curtain and unlocking a couple of wooden doors. 'His mother only speak Maltese, but now they learn English better than Maltese. Six years old they go to school, learn English, forget Maltese. You hear him? He speak like me—very good.' The bar was cool as a cellar, but the Coca-Cola was warm, for which our host, who had been to the States where things were different, apologised.

'I was there two years', he explained. 'But I got to come home.' He made an expansive gesture. 'Home is home—for you, for me. Some stay a long time away. For years they send dollars home and all the time they save. Then, when they got enough, they come home too.'

We knew about that: an island of some 320,000 souls, which, said the experts, should support no more than 250,000; a rocky, barren hump whose only hope was emigration, tourism and subsidies from Britain. He seemed a good person to put *the* question to and we came out with it hamhandedly. 'What do the people here think about integration with Britain?'

For a few minutes he considered with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing', he said at last. At the gross understatement of our raised eyebrows, he added: 'They never been away, don't read, don't write, don't care.' His eyes widened in theatrical deprecation. 'Some of 'em only been to Valletta once in their lives.' 'But they must have some idea what's going on?' He shrugged. 'Tell 'em they get free doctors and they cheer—tell 'em they got to pay more taxes and they pray for deliverance.'

Ten years ago, we recalled, one-third of Malta's population was illiterate. The 'don't-knows' about everything must still out-proportion the others. 'What do you think about it all?' we asked. 'Not very simple', he said. 'We can't support ourselves, yet thousands of babies bein' born and they got to eat. But the Maltese are proud people and many fear that if Malta become part of Britain, the nation and the language will disappear. The paper called it racial suicide. And the Church very strong.' He winked irreverently. 'You know only 45 per cent. of the people voted for integration in our referendum. The Church

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very strong and the Archbishop say to the people: "Britain Protestant—you Catholic—you goin' to lose your faith!" So most of the people didn't vote—not for, not against.'

'Integration may be the only hope unless Britain gives free subsidies for ever', we suggested. He scratched his hairy chest through the open buttons of his shirt. 'Well', he said, 'in America they know what to do when they got too many kids—same as other places. But, of course, the Church very strong here.' We got his heretical point and, rejuvenated with the shade and the warm Coca-Cola, made preparations to leave. He insisted on shaking hands with us and told us not to mind the staring of the peasants. It was just that they wondered what the hell we were up to.

The heat hit us solidly as we stepped out into the street. On the corner, a large shrine was surrounded by pale-flamed candles. Bells started ringing in the soaring campanile of the church. A crowd of half-dressed urchins moved slowly towards us, having heard that we were millionaires, while the squatting women looked up from nursing their naked infants, to watch. He was certainly right about one thing, we thought, there were an awful lot of babies.

JOHN STEVENSON

The Arts and Entertainment

The English-Theatre-at-its-Best

LAST week we considered two notable—and representative—examples of the American Theatre. This week it is our own turn. Mr Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed* and Mr N. C. Hunter's *A Touch of the Sun* will no doubt be talked about as examples of English Theatre at its best. Each is evidently considered so, for each is given the full English-theatre-at-its-best treatment. Each is elegantly and appropriately put on, no expense spared; each is superlatively acted by top-line actors; each is expertly directed. Then there are the plays themselves. They are not, of course, in the same category. Mr Graham Greene is one of the most interesting writers of our generation. But Mr N. C. Hunter is at least a highly experienced practitioner who produces just the kind of play which successfully calls out English-Theatre-at-it-best. So these two productions, a patriot might be forgiven for boasting, are fair examples of the kind of thing we do wonderfully well.

And since I wish to oppose this view as strongly as I possibly can, let me first make it clear that I do think that both plays are wonderfully well done in their own way. If you grant the producer in each case (Mr Michael Macowan and Mr Frith Banbury) his premise, then you will admire both productions unreservedly. *A Touch of the Sun* comes out, it seems to me, as trivial, but it makes an entertaining evening. *The Potting Shed* comes out as the product of a highly original talent. But it comes out dim and muted; or rather, it doesn't, as a play, 'come out' at all. It is deliberately and consciously held back from us. We are allowed to watch it but not to participate. We over-see it, so to speak, as one might over-hear a conversation. We watch it through a gauze. We might, in fact—and this is the substance of my charge—just as well be looking at the telly.

This is not, I take it, one of Mr Greene's more important works; it lies somewhere between his serious novels and his 'entertainments'. He adapts from the latter his gift for creating an air of mystery thick with atmosphere and of gradually and cunningly stripping off the outside skins until we come to the centre of the subject, and employs this very adroitly. James Callifer is a man of forty-six, miserably unhappy, divorced from his wife, a solitary neurotic, desperately trying to discover the cause of his unhappiness. He knows that something terrible happened in childhood, but he has blotted out of his memory all the past up to the age of fourteen, and the play consists in his attempts to track down the lost years. He becomes a sort of detective, picking up clues, with the help of his psychoanalyst, and following each of them up; and they lead him to—a miracle. At fourteen, we discover, torn between the rationalism of his famous father and the Catholicism of a favourite uncle, he hanged himself in the potting shed. The Catholic uncle found the boy dead, and prayed for his recovery. He fervently offered God a bargain—his own faith in return for the life of the boy. God (Protestants may find this peculiar) accepted. The boy recovered his life, the priest lost his faith. So James Callifer, piecing together the evidence supplied by his mother, the widow of the gardener who found him hanging, his uncle the priest who has become a drunk, reconstructs the whole incident. He is the subject of a miracle, and whether he likes it or not he is now a part of the Catholic religion. He has changed his neurosis for a faith, and can now be cured and start life again. Somehow Mr Greene does not succeed in making the actual discovery as dramatic a turning-point, or even as important an event, as we feel it should have been. But with his beautifully taut, evocative dialogue and his cunning construction, he does make the quest itself unfailingly interesting.

Now in Mr Macowan's production, these events pass before us smoothly, deftly, reverently. There is little emphasis, little passion, little overt feeling. There are (and here one feels Mr Greene's influence at work) no dramatic moments, no theatrical effects, no built-up exits, no prepared curtains, no 'false' dramatics. This is not 'theatre' such as Mr Tennessee Williams puts us through: it is the famous 'anti-theatre' that we hear about nowadays. And, of course, it has its rewards, tiny but exquisite. I will instance just one. When the whisky priest has exposed himself naked and ashamed to James Callifer, James, out of his own profound experience of the state of loneliness and despair, wants to help, and twice he puts out a tentative hand of sympathy, almost but not quite touching the broken old man. It is the most he can yet manage. It is a gesture as charged with pathos as that of a sad dog holding out a paw.

There are many such moments, tiny but exquisite, to be watched at the Globe and—to be brutal—if we pile up enough of them we shall kill the English theatre stone-dead. For they are, of course, refusals—refusals to come full out at the audience with vulgar strength and catch it by the throat. Mr Greene's text gives every opportunity of doing this. And each one is, with perfect taste, refused.

Now I am well aware that Mr Macowan and Sir John Gielgud and Mr Greene are not slaves of taste and I think I see why they have done what they have done. A miracle is an awkward object to drop among us unbelievers, and the intention, I suppose, is to slip it over on us so quietly, so conversationally, so naturally, that we aren't pulled up into questioning it. As old Mrs Callifer remarks, it seems quite 'ordinary'—and to make it seem so is the point of the exercise.

But I remain quite unconvinced. The difference for an audience between the theatre and either the cinema or television is the difference between participating and 'watching'. When his mother refuses to let James Callifer see his father on his death-bed and stands between him and the door, this is, as written, capable of being made into a very theatrical scene. On the television we should merely see it take place: in the theatre, if the scene is played for its full dramatic value, the actors engage the audience in the scene: they force them to participate: you, as a member of the audience, can feel the tension and the hush, and you experience it. And that is what the theatre is for. It is anyhow what I go to the theatre for. And this is just what the production of *The Potting Shed* refuses (I repeat for the highest artistic reasons) to let us do. The performances of Miss Ffrangçon-Davies, Miss Irene Worth and Mr Redmond Phillips, and especially of Sir John himself, are exquisite and perfectly attuned to each other and to the director's design; but they leave us out of it. We do not seem to matter to them; and, even literally, we only hear them three-quarters of the time. We are allowed to watch, if we are good; but we are not to be trusted to participate. And I am confident that the play would have ten times the effect, if we were trusted.

It is another aspect of English-Theatre-at-its-best that comes up with *A Touch of the Sun*. A wealth of talent and taste have gone into making this pleasant and simple tale appear something much more important than it is; and it has succeeded in putting a high-toned, shiny finish on the surface which finally makes a sort of nonsense of its substance. I do sincerely hope that if Mr N. C. Hunter's eye should fall on these words, he will believe me when I say that I am not trying to be offensive. It is a question simply of levels. I have a great respect for Mr Hunter's work on its own level. But it is an unsophisticated level. An impoverished schoolmaster takes his over-worked wife and his son and daughter to the villa of his rich in-laws in the South of France. They have the time of their lives; he being something of a prig is shocked by the 'conspicuous waste' on show, cuts the holiday short and returns after one pang of envy to his dedicated life. My point is that simple, workable plays posing real but small problems at a not particularly high level are blown out by the English-Theatre-at-its-best treatment into something they were never meant to be. Miss Wynyard's problem in this play (go off with rich admirer or stay with poor dedicated husband?) is, on the level on which it is treated, a fictional cliché: and the high level on which it is acted doesn't conceal this—it emphasises it. Equally Mr Michael Redgrave has expended on his character all that ingenuity and creativeness which he brings to every part. And what is the result? A brilliant piece of acting? Of course. But one that 'throws' the play. Mr Hunter's schoolmaster is a skin-deep character with a skin-deep problem: and quite a real and poignant one on that level. But give it all the depth Mr Redgrave gives it, and you would have to find quite another solution. The play exists and very much exists on the level on which Mr Ronald Squire, in a gem-like little performance, acts it; Mr Redgrave and Miss Wynyard act it off the stage.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Tippett Symphony

MICHAEL TIPPETT'S new symphony is thoroughly characteristic of its composer. It is fresh and often captivating in inspiration and general atmosphere; yet in some respects it is perplexing both to performers and to listeners.

The great and unresolved question is whether or not, given an orchestra which had fully mastered its complexities and surmounted its technical problems, the listener would find that his difficulties too had vanished, leaving an undoubted masterpiece in view. Sir Adrian Boult has a high reputation for the care and thoroughness with which he prepares new works, and he added to (rather than detracted from) this reputation by insisting, when the violins made an evident false entry during the first performance at the Festival Hall, on shouldering the whole blame for the mishap. But it needed no such dramatic incident to show any perceptive listener that the strings of the BBC Symphony Orchestra were being taxed beyond their strength by much of what they were asked to play. During the repeat studio performance on Saturday night there was another false string entry on the very first page – though this time it was not so serious as to warrant a fresh start.

Quite apart, however, from such positive slips as these, passages marked *'brillante'* were generally played in a skimble-skamble way, and rhythms that should have leapt across the barlines with athletic grace were made to seem nervous and tentative – or, at best, prosaic and literal; there was no fire or conviction in the fiddling. The woodwind and brass made more of their rich opportunities; but the sound-texture as a whole can seldom have realised the composer's inner dream.

Certainly there is a dream, a visionary impulse, at the heart of this unequal but often very beautiful work. It is a dream of pantheistic contentment; of profusion and plenty; of divine goodness and energy; of a radiant and transfigured world which has something in it of Blake, and something, too, of Walt Whitman. As in Tippett's recent Piano Concerto, we recognise in this new symphony another version of the ideal, 'magical' world adumbrated in *The Midsummer Marriage*; and for some time, as the symphony progressed, I cherished the hope that the composer would prove to have expressed his meaning clearly and fully without the tedious distractions that marred his operatic scheme – the Shavian ancients, the absurd business-man, the Naafi canteen chorus and so forth. As a work of art the symphony is undoubtedly superior to the opera; but it has weaknesses which would not, I fear, be dispelled by the smoothest and most lustrous performance imaginable. Sometimes there is simply too much going on: a proliferation of detail, an almost oriental exuberance of fanciful decoration, which defeats its end, clouds the radiant picture and leaves us confused. The continual flecks and splashes of bright colour first delight the ear, then tire it. The incessant semiquaver figuration for high violins, often at the interval of a second, is sometimes beautiful, sometimes resembles doodling – or rather that kind of drawing in which the object is defined by a multitude of lines, as though to ensure that one at least shall be right. Yet for page after page the invention is rich and varied, the orchestration fresh, radiant and original. The very features that eventually tax our patience are at first the source of our delight.

The symphony has no more programme than the composer's own description of its four movements as reflecting, in turn, joy, tenderness, gaiety and fantasy. The four pounding bass C's of the initial bars derive from a Vivaldi concerto, and provide a taking-off-point, so to speak, for music which owes no general allegiance to anyone except Stravinsky; they recur in the closing pages of the finale, thus emphasising the firm tonality of the whole structure. Contrasting material in the first movement is supplied by an elaborate woodwind passage marked with the curious word *'carillonando'* – a passage of exquisite charm until the moment when we begin to wonder whether the texture has not been enriched by too many simultaneous 'bells'. The form of the movement is classical: there is a pithy and pointful development section, and an ending so sudden that, even on a third hearing, it took me by surprise.

The following Adagio is the jewel of the symphony: a song of undisturbed content. Two groups of cellos melodically imitate and twine around each other in a manner which may perhaps have owed its inspiration to certain vocal duets of Monteverdi, or to the slow movement in Hindemith's *Symphonia Serena*; later, the same effect is repeated with many fascinating differences, both in the two-part melody itself and in the accompanying chord-patterns. There is a middle section of entrancing gravity and tenderness for strings in close harmony; but this has not yet received in performance anything like the hushed pianissimo sound it asks for and needs. If only the practice of playing single movements from symphonies were not in disgrace, this exquisite Adagio might well find a secure place in the repertory.

The surprise of the Scherzo is that it sounds like nothing of the sort. Marked *'Presto veloce'*, but played (we must presume with the com-

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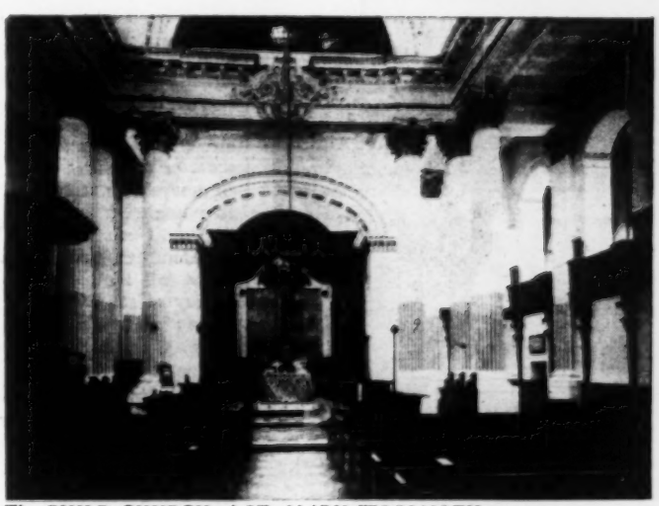

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poser's approval) *allegretto*, it sways and dips agreeably in a gentle 3+3+2 metre, making what seems an inadequate contrast with the mood and tempo of the previous movement. The Finale includes an oddly short chaconne on a ground which is difficult to grasp; thence we embark on an immense downward-looping melody which descends from top to bottom of the string choir, finally sinking into the repeated Cs of the first movement. It is an enigmatic ending to a work which is in many respects enigmatic. One can hardly believe that Tippett has realised all he set out to do; but the cast of his mind is so original, and his sense of beauty so strange and so deep, that his partial successes can say more to us than the neater, tidier structures raised by lesser men.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Rough Justice

AGAINST the odds of neglect, misunderstanding, and fashion, William Roberts, who is now 63, has continued during twenty years of isolation to work and believe in himself undeviatingly. He has remained as defiant as his self-portrait in the Tate. And as a result he has become probably the most under-estimated artist in the country. In fact, as a draughtsman, and as an organiser of the elements of a painting, there is no one working in England today who is superior to him. In the landslide of post-war romanticism he has stood as firm as an undislodged, classical rock, faithful to Poussin, his early cubist apprenticeship, and Léger. How I wish that the truth went no further than that. But in tribute to an artist of remorseless integrity the critic must also be remorseless. In Roberts's paintings no passage is 'fudged'; everything is declared. And so one must add that if only Roberts had been able to believe in something other than his own work, he would have been twice the artist he is. Our art-world today is pertly proud of those whom it 'discovers'. Its losses are naturally unnoticed. Yet if Roberts had been working in a different context, his vision and faith would almost certainly have been able to expand instead of contracting.

His new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries reveals all that I have suggested: reveals a hero and a tragedy. There is his heroic and uncompromising method of painting. Like every classicist he is concerned with making statements that make sense without reference to either his own or the spectator's temperament. He strives to create an anonymous art. The local, not the apparent, colour of every object is respected. Each figure reveals the meaning of its actions by a definite gesture. Every square painted inch is unambiguous – there is no flirtation with doubt. His subjects – buses, shop-windows, soldiers, holiday-makers – are taken straight from the everyday material world to which everyone belongs. His masses are simplified to emphasise, not some incidental trait of character, but their essential physical movement: the soldier who carries off a Sabine has to lift ten stone. His forms are organised on the surface of the paper or canvas to establish a separate rounded-off unity that prevents any form trailing its hand to accost the passer-by; the classical image must be self-sufficient and timeless. It is the discipline of this method that has guaranteed the continuity of Roberts's powers of draughtsmanship and composition. (Those who complain that he has not developed make the same complaint about the most developed artist of our time—Léger.)

Roberts, then, paints noble pictures which remind us of the nobility of painting. But that is all. His subjects never gain any credit from his good painting – as they do in Veronese, Poussin, David. One of these new watercolours is of shop assistants assembling a dummy in a window. One of its detachable arms lies on the ground. That arm has been felt and painted in exactly the same way as all the living limbs in the other pictures. Why? Roberts is an artist of great sensuous awareness; his colours, his love of physical energy, his women who are too big for their clothes, all demonstrate this. Equally, he is obviously interested in people and their lives. He observes the way a woman tries on a shoe in a shop, or the way a sailor dances, with a mimer's accuracy. Why, then, can he only create a company of dummies, of beautifully made guys and dolls? Because, I believe, he has been forced to contract, to defend his great talents instead of using them to the full. He believes in human reason and the dignity of art, but not in men. And so in every picture his approach is noble and his conclusion mocking. He himself makes what is sensuous in his painting slightly comic, the clear gestures slightly ironic, the nobility of the style slightly absurd in relation to the triviality of the subject. He mocks his gifts by his very use of them. Within the confines of one small picture, classicist, satirist, decorative colourist, social commentator, are all incongruously there for the sake of their defensive alliance. What, one wonders, might each not have done, confidently, generously, on his own? However. There is usually a way through for a rough kind of justice. And without any doubt William Roberts will be remembered and admired for his remarkably lucid exposure (half very conscious on his part and half unconscious) of the values of the society that made no use of him. Not many will achieve as much.

* * *

*BEAUX ARTS – Spanish landscapes and landscape details by Middleditch. Reveals the steady development of a man who has a poetic vision and (rare combination) is a powerful draughtsman.

HANOVER – Sculpture by young Greek, Takis. Brushes and bits of scrap on ends of antennae-like wires. Should be laughed out of town but won't be.

*ST GEORGE'S – Six aquatints by Merlyn Evans. Derived from African art. The image on each plate like a newly invented letter. Superficially obscure, fundamentally logical and thoughtful.

LEFEVRE – Landscapes by William Johnstone. Loosely painted. Abstracted to point of non-recognition. Meaning has to be projected by spectator.

TOOTH'S – Five action painters. Worth visiting to observe social manners, vocabulary, etc., of those who are taken in.

ROWLAND, BROWSE AND DELBANCO – Sculptor's drawings. Includes a fine Barlach and a good drawing by young English sculptor, Ralph Brown.

* Particularly worth visiting

JOHN BERGER

Madame Bountiful

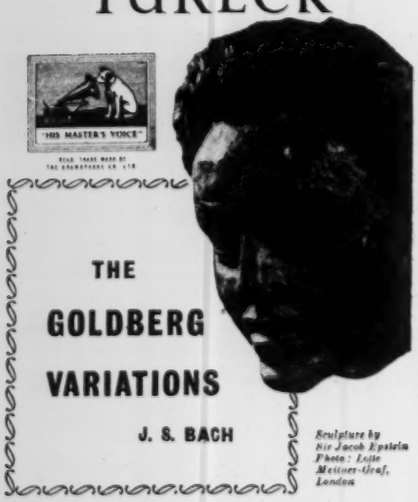
EVERY now and then the screen goes East, or it may be South, with a vengeance. A landscape is fetched up in some sort of Glorycolor which immediately makes us doubt a claim that it was filmed on the spot; sincerity is paraded, loud enough to bring in the big audiences; the drama will be old-fashioned, sex will raise several heads, and there will be a problem – what else but the dear old mixed marriage?

Such is *Sayonara* (Warner's). This has been executed in Technirama and Technicolor, and in Japan, and makes much of the presence of real Japanese in the cast. They run through the streets; they dredge the river; especially they go to the theatre. In their theatre, it seems, they are as odd as English pantomime; one tradition is all-male; then there is the fascination of the girls who live in a nunnery or barracks and go singing every day over an arched bridge to the theatre where they put on a floor show indistinguishable (from the neck down) from any Hollywood glamour show during the last twenty years; and lastly – the only glimpse that lifts us out of Geisha land – there's a puppet show, with the manipulators in half-view, but even this only introduces the idea of suicide agreeably into the plot.

Yet in *Sayonara* there were possibilities of at least three films. Romantic comedy might have been made from the girls' school and the American officer who waits under the bridge for their doyen, an Eastern Vesta Tilley in trousers and a little trilby with a feather. Or a problem piece could have been worked up from 10,000 American servicemen (we are told) married to Japanese. Or the whole thing – which, after all, only arises out of a demonstration that in the Far East an American serviceman has nothing but spare time – might have been taken cynically, or as farce with gongs. As it is, something has been brought in from everywhere, and only the presence of Marlon Brando, as the airman in eternity under the bridge, carries it off. He mutters, he lounges and artfully throws away, he talks in a small boy's voice, he at last smoulders and shouts. The Method, even in these cherry-blossom surroundings, is fascinating; but one wishes him better, and briefer, luck next time.

The English *Tale of Two Cities* (Odeon) at least succeeds in cutting down an unmanageable novel into screen shape. Coaches and muskets look good, the Inner Temple is more convincing than

ROSALYN TURECK



THE GOLDBERG VARIATIONS

J. S. BACH

Sculpture by Sir Jacob Epstein
Photo: Lotte Meitner-Graf, London

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France in the flood, Miss Dorothy Tutin sighs for love separated and even more for a better part, Mr Dirk Bogarde makes Sidney Carton both irritating and sympathetic, and under the guillotine induces a thrill with his 'I do a far, far better thing . . .': a bit of old Lyceum which in a more inspired piece might take considerable finesse.

To the National Film Theatre, with its East European 'Curtain Up', we must go for a *film*: Andrej Wajda's *A Generation*, brought to the notice of readers of this column by Lindsay Anderson last autumn. This fierce, jagged, horribly and (I am sure) truly circumstanced film of Warsaw during the occupation is dated by the rising there of the Young Communists; but so, of course, it was. They ride horrors unimaginable to us, but also we get to know the day-to-day shifts and even humours of living while the ghetto burnt and the hanged dangled from posts on a long straight road by the railway. If the aim of most film-makers is to get us into a cinema, Fajda sweeps us out of it.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Come and See My Etchings

ONE week after the first edition of the BBC's television programme on the arts, *Monitor* (reviewed here last week), Sir Kenneth Clark appeared in the first of his new ITV series, *Is Art Necessary?* (The next is not until 17 March, when Henry Moore will join Sir Kenneth 'on a night adventure': one would hope that the series could become fortnightly at least.) Partly because it was broadcast fairly late (10.5-10.35) on a Sunday night, this laudable experiment was seen by a minority of viewers; yet it is, in essence, an attempt to make a minority subject palatable to the man who, when he hears the word 'culture', reaches for the knob on his TV set.

These BBC and ITV programmes are different in manner and scope. Whereas *Monitor* is a magazine about what's going on in the arts, *Is Art Necessary?* tries, more ambitiously, 'to explore the feelings and ideas that lie behind our attitude to beautiful things'. Since those devising the programme are aware that such words as these will cause the English hand, by a purely reflex action, to shoot straight out for that knob, they cunningly began by exploiting two English totem animals, the dog and the horse; and this first edition was entitled – after one of the phrases that women coo over dogs – *Isn't He Beautiful?*

Conspiring with Sir K. in this procuring of non-eggheads for æsthetic purposes was Mr William Clark (no kin, as *Time* says). I thought their opening conversation a little stilted, but when they got down to cases and were joined by such specialists as a breeder of shire-horses and Mr Reg Butler, the sculptor, the talk went with a swing and as though not rigidly pre-scripted. We saw some Hampshire Down sheep: Sir Kenneth observed that they were 'neat compact little jobs, as design'. Then a close-up of a shire-horse's feet, with their flowing white hair. Had this hair any function? 'No,' said the breeder, 'but it just ordains him and finishes him.' (Sir K.: '"Ordains" him. . . . That's superb!')

The transition from natural to man-made beauty – the moment of awful daring in this seduction – was managed ingeniously. Reassuring us with the information that his father had bred Suffolk punches, Sir Kenneth quickly slipped in a picture – not of one of these powerful little brutes from nature but of the Heseltine statue of one of them, from the Tate. Back at once (in case the victim was crying 'But I thought you were a *gentle*man' . . .) to a real dog – but a highly formal-looking one, a prize bull-terrier, of which an expert pointed out that the upper part of the head 'should be like the strong claw of a lobster' and the seducer himself, growing bolder as the moaning of the deflowered viewer subsided into an ecstatic sigh, remarked that it was 'as beautiful as if it were a piece of fine sculpture'. Enter Reg Butler.

Some less domesticated animals were then examined. Mr Butler admired giraffes ('the beauty here is the mechanical organisation of that neck') but deprecated antelopes. ('These go too far – I can only regard these as *pretty*.' Ugh!) Sir Kenneth brought us back to domesticity: not, now, to dogs and cats but to pots – 'the first thing made by man which was intended to be beautiful as well as useful'. Here the distinguished potter, Mr Bernard Leach, came in, to help establish an analogy between pots and animals ('a quality of growth leading to beauty of proportion'). Here, too, very properly, the idea of *wholeness* was introduced, as 'singleness of purpose in the life of the animal or the mind of the potter'; and there was some by-play with the secondary notion that some animals, deliberately bred for show, are works of art as much as of nature – conversely, a vase of the Sung Dynasty being described by Sir Kenneth as 'almost over-bred . . . like a blue Bedlington'.

Now, I enjoyed this programme very much; and I am all for the seduction – or should it be ovicapitation? – of non-eggheads. My only doubt is whether the conspiracy wasn't a shade too cleverly innocent, whether the prospective victim wouldn't have caught a warning whiff – not, indeed, of insincerity or condescension but of

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over-sophisticated simplicity. It is not easy for the researchers to make a direct comparison of viewers' response to this programme and to *Monitor* (because the comparison would be obscured by the nature of the programmes preceding each on the same channel and coinciding with each on the opposite channel); but *Monitor's* less self-conscious assumption that some people are interested in the arts, anyway, may have seemed at least as acceptable to those who can be reached at all. Nevertheless, the development of *Is Art Necessary?* will be worth watching. It will, I think, gain in authority as it sheds mere ingenuity – and as those running it cease bothering to ask themselves, Are gimmicks necessary? Culture must not, however, rear its oval head too obviously: it was naughty of Sir K. – preening himself, as it were, after the romp was over and adjusting his tie before leaving – to say, of a white pig, that it had 'a kind of Hellenistic quality . . . a Praxitelean pig'. Such a remark was calculated to send the poor girl screaming home to mum, or to dial 999 for the thought-police; though she would hardly have known that Praxiteles was *not* Hellenistic.

Programmes like this illustrate the greatness of the gulf between the best and the worst in television: it is as though there were a little Third and a lot of Light and no Home at all. Owing to the exigencies of commerce, too, they are usually late at night: eggheads are thought of as, in two senses of the word, bats. ITV's current chief batmaster is Dr Bronowski: he does a series on Monday nights – at 11 – called *New Horizon*. Last Monday's was on intelligence tests and the 11+ exam (a subject, surely, of wide appeal). I do not always enjoy Dr Bronowski in his *Brains Trust* role of omnicompetent wiseacre of humanism: his smile is too much that of a pitying Atlas. But he is first-rate in expounding the achievements of science, and on Monday (the more endearingly because, unlike Sir K., he did not seem entirely at home in a somewhat overloaded production) he did a magnificent hatchet-job on the 11+ – first drawing from an expert defender of it the boast that it was 'the most reliable and efficient exam of its kind in the world' and that 'nine out of ten' children were 'correctly' classified by it, and then forcing him, by inexorable dialectic, to admit that, in fact, no fewer than a quarter of those assigned to grammar schools were misplaced, while an equal number of those sent elsewhere should have gone to the grammar schools.

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

THE FAITH OF MR DULLES

SIR, – Mr Dulles's reply to Lord Russell and Mr Krushchev does not do justice to the American case. His consistent theme that the use of force is not a part of American policy is somewhat naive.

It is not, really, very helpful to point to the revolutionary origin of the Soviet government when the United States itself owes its existence to the 'use of force'. Nor is the case any stronger when you look at the position in the trouble countries of today. The fact of the matter is that Russia and the United States give their support to the forces of left and right respectively in these countries. The difference is that the support for right – even under the Eisenhower Doctrine – is said to be in 'self-defence' ('helping them to preserve their freedom'), while the support for the left is 'promotion of revolution'. This terminology is kept even when, as in several countries in recent years, the anti-American forces have peacefully gained power and the pro-Americans constitute the supporters of change by 'use of force'. One could agree with Mr Dulles when he says: 'The Communist Parties depend upon force and violence and could not exercise power anywhere in the world today if they should relinquish that'. But could not the same be said about many of America's own faithful allies?

The distinction between Russia and the West, surely, must be sought elsewhere than in the use of force. Would it not be better to say, plainly and honestly, that the American alternative is better than the Russian one. After all, many would rather have the former than the latter.

M. AGAH

17 Gower Street, WC1

SIR, – As an American, resident in Britain, may I make a few comments on Mr Dulles's letter? First, I think it is dangerously mistaken of you to think along with a great many other people that just because the Soviet Union has (at least) equalised militarily, and is very far advanced industrially, that this has provoked a radical shift in her policy towards the West. There seems to me to be no basis at all for such a view, and as a matter of fact it seems to me that it would be more reasonable to draw an almost opposite conclusion.

Secondly, it appears to me that in your comment you ignored a most significant fact mentioned by Mr Dulles. Namely, that in those far-off days when the United States had the atomic bomb and Russia did not, that in spite of Lord Russell and other advocates of preventitive war (do we forget Lord Russell's position at that time?), the United States did not wage war.

But, of course, this does not justify Mr Dulles's doctrinaire and narrow position. The most discouraging section in his letter was that part in which he asserts:

> Nowhere in the world today does the Communist Party maintain its rule except by forcibly imposing that rule upon the great majority of the people as against their wishes.

This proposition seems to be just false – not even a half-truth. There is no evidence whatsoever – quite on the contrary – that had the Hungarian Revolution succeeded a non-Communist government would have been formed. This is substantiated by the statement of the Hungarian refugees, as well as by the change of government in Poland. The various trials now taking place in Yugoslavia have nothing to do with any wish to replace the present government with some form of capitalism.

Now if Mr Dulles really believes what he says and there seems to be no reason to doubt he does then unless he sees things more realistically, we need another Secretary of State – and fast. There is no use in any negotiations taking place if one side will not believe that the other side is representative.

There is a ray of hope when Mr Dulles seems to acknowledge that Communism and Stalinism are not identical in the beginning of his letter, but he immediately reverts to the dogmatics discussed above.

But there is no point in continuing what appears to be the favourite indoor sport of the NEW STATESMAN, i.e., abusing Mr Dulles. He is an intelligent man and, as such, teachable.

KENNETH STERN

16 Horbury Crescent, W11

SIR, – Your characteristic modesty is too great, and the generosity of your contemporaries probably too little, for us to expect unsolicited comment on the nature of your truly remarkable editorial achievement in attracting to your pages correspondence from the effective head of one of the two greatest powers in the world and the minister in charge of the foreign affairs of the other. At the risk of contributing to This England, I therefore ask you to tell us – Is this a record?

R. T. KING

Radley College
Abingdon

[Modesty denies us an unequivocal answer, but we can recall no similar case.—ED., *NS.*]

A.I.D.

SIR, – There are 20 married couples in a nearby road. I asked myself how many of the husbands I could tolerate without complete repulsion, as donors, even if I could bear the idea of A.I.D. at all. There were three, that is, 15 per cent. If one cannot bear the physical appearance of 85 per cent of men, in relation to the possibility of bearing a child from one of them, one might equally well be repelled by the child when it is born, and be quite incapable of giving it the love one would give to a child so like one's husband that it gave to one that part of his life during which one didn't know him – i.e., his own childhood. I feel that the risk of a dislike to the extent of 85 per cent is too great a handicap for any theoretical child to bear. I don't think my 85 per cent dislike is putting it too high – if one is capable of being attracted by men, one is equally capable of being repelled by them, and, unless the proportion of non-attractive ones were much higher than that of attractive ones, there would be a great risk of promiscuity, and great difficulty in making up one's mind which one to marry. Surely no woman would want to run the risk of being inseminated by the semen of a man she would dislike, if ever she recognised him as her donor?

Besides, has all poetry gone from the idea of childbirth and conception? Is it only an old wives' tale or a poet's unscientific dream to believe that lovechildren are more beautiful, more vital, more likely to trail clouds of glory or to have names like Infant Joy at two days old, than calculated and planned babies, sensibly arriving when they can be afforded? Is it merely a feminine superstition on my part to believe that the physical rapture which results in conception does something to influence the whole attitude of a woman towards a happy pregnancy and even to make joyful the early years of motherhood? Surely mind and body are inseparable, and to have a baby without the joy of sexual intercourse is to cause a lack in the child's mental make-up?

I don't know why so many people are comparing

A.I.D. with adoption. A.I.D. babies are, most of them, theoretical at present, but babies for adoption are already there, because they are unwanted, or bereaved. The main thing about them is to provide substitute parents for them. The question of gratifying frustrated maternal instincts in the adopting parents is a side-line.

MARY MCLEAN

7 Lilac Grove
Billinge
Wigan

THE PRESS COUNCIL

SIR,—Sir Linton Andrews suggests, in his letter in your issue of 8 February, that the delay in the consideration of my complaint to the Press Council was due to dilatoriness on my part. I find this very curious. In a letter to me dated 15 November, Mr Pitt Robbins, the Council's secretary, wrote: 'It is unfortunate that the Council does not meet until 21 January, and it will certainly make no statement before that meeting'. There was no suggestion in his letter that anything I could do would expedite matters.

Mr Pitt Robbins did suggest, at Sir Linton's behest, that I might 'spare the time to put my case in greater detail'. This seemed to me unnecessary. All I asked the Council to do was to decide whether what I wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* had been distorted in the versions which appeared in the *Sunday Express* and the *People*. As the members of the Council could, presumably, read, and as they had all been connected with journalism of sorts, I thought this decision would not unduly tax their mental powers. In the event, contrary to the NUJ and every single journalist with whom I have discussed the matter, they reached the conclusion that the *Sunday Express* and *People* versions were fair, to the great delight, of course, of those newspapers.

I cannot pretend that I was surprised. Sir Linton's own newspaper, the *Yorkshire Post*, made a particularly obnoxious comment on the strength of pre-publication reports of my *Saturday Evening Post* article. If they were acceptable to him for that purpose, how could I expect him to agree subsequently that they were distorted? In any case, what do the Press Council care about wrongs which may be suffered by individual working journalists? They are kept far too busy by Lady Violet Bonham Carter.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Robertsbridge
Sussex

JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—Whatever the real reason for the strange murder of Mikhoëls, the closing of the Moscow State Yiddish Theatre, and the 'all-out offensive against Yiddish culture' in 1948, the fact remains that in 1951—the penultimate year of Stalin's lifetime—one large (and famous) Moscow theatre still retained a markedly Jewish influence.

The spacious, beautiful Stanislavsky Lyric Theatre, which presents opera, operetta and ballet, had a numerous and popular company containing many Jewish leading artists, including the ballerina Bovt, regarded by half Moscow as equal to the renowned Bolshoi stars. I visited this theatre alone many times, and can assure Mr Litvinoff from personal observation that the crowded audiences—especially on Saturdays and Sundays—were also largely Jewish, quite prosperous-looking, and to all appearances content.

The theatre was not, however, 'fashionable', in the sense that other principal Moscow theatres were.

BENNITT GARDINER

24 York Street, W1

SIR,—In view of Mr E. Litvinoff's allegation that Jews in the USSR 'suffer discrimination in employment and education' it may be of some interest to your readers to know that, according to *Cultural Construction in the USSR*, published in Russian in Moscow in 1956, Jews occupy second place only to Russians in their share of the total number of scientific jobs in the USSR. The figures are as follows: Out of a total of 223,893 scientific workers in the USSR in 1955, 144,285 were Russians, 24,620 Jews, 21,762 Ukrainians, 5,271 Georgians, etc. It would appear therefore that, in proportion to population, Jews have acquired a scientific training far out of proportion to their numerical strength in the population. Is this 'discrimination'?

PAT SLOAN,
General Secretary
British Soviet Friendship Society
36 Spencer Street, EC1

THE ETU

SIR,—Mr Hendy is incorrect in contending that the policy of the ETU is determined by the annual policy conference. The rules provide that any matter determined by an annual policy conference 'shall be deemed to be a recommendation to the Executive Council'. Annual conference is therefore not a policy making body. If the EC rejects any such recommendation, provided it is not on the list of subjects which are barred from appeal, then 10 per cent of the branches, by a cumbersome and leisurely procedure, can compel the EC to call a special policy conference or conduct a ballot (the choice is the EC's). The decision of such a ballot or special conference is final and binding on the EC.

DONALD VEALL

25 Couchmore Avenue
Hinchley Wood
Surrey

ELIJAH'S MANTLE

SIR,—Paul Johnson, in his article 'No Bids for Elijah's Mantle' (1 February 1958), before asking where I, amongst others, was during the resignation debate in the House of Commons on Thursday, 23 January, mentioned Peel's abandonment of the Corn Laws as an example of a great statesman's conversion to a new and wiser course by a logical process.

If, in seeking my whereabouts, he really meant to ask why I did not come out in support of Mr Thorneycroft's resignation, perhaps I might remind him that when Disraeli heard Peel being cheered on by his former opponents for having changed his mind, he warned the House against cheering on political tergiversation, lest it might injure the reputation not only of public men, but also of parliament itself.

However much joy there may be in heaven over one sinner's repentance, I must confess that it is slightly offset by the din of stable doors slamming whilst the horse gallops merrily away until overtaken by a severe attack of inflationary colic.

I wonder how many others of Mr Thorneycroft's old friends in the Tory Reform Group will realise the inevitable consequence of urging on a welfare state which, by enabling a large part of the electorate to live beyond the means justified either by their savings or by their earnings, can only cause further inflation in a country already in debt.

HENRY LEGGE BOURKE

House of Commons
SW1

UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL

SIR,—From the Far East to South America, colonial peoples and peoples living under oppressive government of all sorts are fighting their battles for liberty. Though the fundamental struggle may be the same, the conditions against which they fight and the circumstances of their existence are widely varying. The problems of Central Africa are widely different from that of the Cypriots, while the difficulties facing newly liberated territories such as India and Ghana, present yet another picture. These struggles are, of course, closely linked to the diplomatic battles and power structures of the US and USSR.

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THE ART SCHOOLS

SIR,—Mr John Berger's article opposing the amalgamation of Chelsea Art School and Regent Street Polytechnic may have given the impression that the only importance of Chelsea Art School is as a school of painting and that its tradition of teaching, which he rightly calls its 'essential but rare equipment', has produced only painters. But the LCC and those wanting to 'gear art to industry' will find some of those who were students 20 years ago under the present headmaster, H. S. Williamson, are now in positions as heads of design departments in large industrial firms, as design consultants responsible for international exhibitions and as heads of art departments of advertising agencies. Those people shared in their training at Chelsea the tradition of teaching which carried with it such intangibles as independence of mind, a particular self-discipline and that form of integrity which, as Mr Berger puts it, 'can withstand all the demands for novelty'. Such a tradition does not aim at producing designers who will be the handmaids of industry—there are several art schools very successfully doing this already—but it can produce that leavening of artists who ultimately make industry and without whose influence the work of the more narrowly trained will probably become enfeebled.

Some years ago J. B. Priestley told the Fabians that too many people think of art as the icing on the cake of ordinary sensible living. Surely those in County Hall responsible for the art schools do not still think this. Can they not be persuaded to recognise the particularly rare value of the tradition which Mr Williamson has built up and try to preserve it?

ANN SIDGWICK
11 Kinnerton Place South
SW1

ACTION PAINTING

SIR,—Roger Coleman's letter is worth replying to because it reveals very well the kind of pompous bluff that surrounds most discussion about Action Painting. In spite of the fact that the ideological basis of the new 'school' is nihilist, one should note that Action works are now fashionable and that many of their apologists write like complacent bureaucrats.

Coleman complains that I gave no reasons to back up my assertion that Action paintings are meaningless as expressive works of art. In fact I pointed out precisely why and how they differed from all admitted works of art from the past. Thus, the onus of proof surely falls on those who believe they are meaningful.

In Coleman's introduction to the exhibition in question, I find the following sentences explaining the meaning of the paintings:

'Smith's paintings might be described as expressive demonstrations of the invisible fact of space.'

Green's paintings 'live by the meaning he can force the surface to carry by making gestures on it.'

In Coriello's painting 'there is no image, but nevertheless one senses the presence of one, rather as an animal senses danger; it is known to be there but its actual proportions are constantly elusive.'

'The order in his (Barnicoat's) pictures is peculiar to them alone and not to anything extraneous to them.'

As Coleman pointed out—we do indeed speak different languages.

JOHN BERGER
Newland, Glos.

A LITTLE SONG ABOUT A ROSE

SIR,—I am sorry that I have made Miss Raine angry and hope if she will be good enough to re-read my review that she will see that she has 'misinterpreted' me. I did not attempt to deny Yeats's debt to the Platonic tradition, said that I had been 'enormously helped' by Mr Wilson's book, and expressed my gratitude for his authoritative treatment of these sources. My quarrel was with his critical method, particularly the manner in which he disregards the poem as written in his haste to get at the symbolic meaning. I know about the saline content of blood and am aware that in the line 'Salt blood blocks his eyes' the blood thudding in the swimmer's head is linked by the word 'salt' to the sea which buffets him. My objection to Mr Wilson's reading was not that he sought for a symbolic meaning but that he ignored the word 'blood' and substituted for the image which Yeats chose to use his own image of a man blinded by spray.

My difference from Miss Raine and Mr Wilson is less than she thinks; but it is a real one and at root it is metaphysical. We may all quote with assent 'Eternity is in love with the productions of time'. I suspect that we do not mean quite the same when we do. I mean when I say it that the productions of time, including poems, have an individual value, since I believe

long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss.

I therefore do not think that it is the mark of a mature mind *not* to find 'street walkers, soldiers and honey-bees' interesting. Similarly I think that all the words in a poem are the critic's concern, since the poet chose these words and not others to make this particular poem. Words, images and ideas cohere together in a poem and give to and take from each other. To treat poetic images as counters, exchangeable at standard rates, is to ignore what differentiates poetry from philosophy. Thus to translate 'honey-bees' into 'the souls of the just' seems to me, to put it mildly, an inadequate response to this symbol, occurring at the close of a stanza beginning:

We had fed the heart on fantasies
The heart's grown brutal from the fare;
More substance in our enmities
Than in our love. . . .

Swift's fable of the spider and the bee seems more apposite here, if any reference to Yeats's authors is needed, than Porphyry.

HELEN GARDNER
St. Hilda's College
Oxford

THE POTTING SHED

SIR,—May I make a small correction to Mr Worsley's article 'Preview'? I have not written a new third act to my play *The Potting Shed* since it was presented in New York. In New York I was persuaded by my American producers that the original third act could not be performed, but in the English production I have reverted with some relief to my first version.

GRAHAM GREENE
Albany, W1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The English Stomach

In the last fifty years and in its sad, rumbling and martyred way, the stomach has become the prince of the Englishman's bodily organs. Despised and abused, poor as a source of poetic metaphor, scornfully filled up, a portable and forever nagging slum, it now sits flattered by officials and dieticians, commanding its vitamins as if they were items of a Magna Carta, and beatifically aware that it has created a Ministry. In a political age one can think of no apter symbol of the revolution from below; Mr Polly's famous belly-aches at the beginning of the century, which Wells described as civil wars, can now be said to have the solemnity of historic wrong. Mr Polly had been fed; it was clear that he was never nourished; he grew up at a time when boys at council schools of ten to twelve were five inches shorter than the boys privately educated – and even these were often ignorantly fed – at the end of a century which had invented the monstrous English breakfast, which had been reproached by the sight of a Mr Banting voluntarily reducing weight, and which in terms of nourishment was the worst hundred years this country has had since the great dearths of the Middle Ages and the Tudors.

So it appears from Miss Hollingsworth's* chapters on the English diet since 1900 which she has added to her revised edition of Sir Jack Drummond's *The Englishman's Food*. This encyclopaedic and deeply interesting work was unique when it was published in 1939 and has been out of print for a long time. It combined a history of scientific research with social history; and, since the science of nutrition has attracted more valuable cranks and infatuated amateurs than any other, with the possible exception of alchemy, Drummond kindly dedicated his book to the saddest of them all – William Stark. A young Glasgow doctor, who had been persuaded to take up the study of diet by Benjamin Franklin, Stark died in 1770 of a regime of honey pudding and cheese. He recalls something of the martyrdom of the exemplary Charles Day in the same period. Stark treated his stomach as a laboratory; tried diets of bread, water and sugar; then, bread and meat, and eventually a bout of puddings of his own terrible concoction. The recipes survive. By this time he was suffering from scurvy. No one knows why he postponed an escape to fresh fruit and vegetables which might have saved him; he was tempted to one more go at the pudding. Perhaps it was obsessional, like the mild Day's fatal belief in the natural passivity of unbroken horses.

Drummond's book contains notes on innumerable dieticians. It gradually discloses the full course of scientific theory from the day of the humours to the triumph of the vitamins. He makes use of a large number of quotations from books, poems, menus, letters, household accounts from the Middle Ages onwards, and in collecting the plaints of the stomach he gives us a picture of the domestic English past, reviewed in the later knowledge of science, which is as original as it is intimate. It is good to have the new revised edition, but I think the general reader will find Miss Hollingsworth's final contribution on English food since 1914 dull and statistical. It is the period of official victory. This dullness is a great pity, because in the last forty or fifty years, English diet has recovered from the terrible impoverishment of the nineteenth century; it has been made to survive two starving wars. It has run current with a social revolution. Our diet is said to be better than at any time in our history. One would have liked to have seen far more human instances in this section: do not Wigan Pier and the snack bar still exist? But Miss Hollingsworth is most concerned with the successes of officials and experts. Occasionally we get a hint that the stomach has another personality besides the official one. It sticks to its nineteenth century's passion for too much sugar – why? Habit? Glut? Instinctive need? We eat less bread – the mark of poverty – and far more fats. Has this any connection (she asks) with the 'epidemic' figures of coronary thrombosis? Is thrombosis our equivalent of the scurvy that troubled us for centuries? Superstitions continue: athletes are often advised to eat red meat. The stomach despises herrings now. It gluts on tinned salmon. It rejects sago and arrowroot; the milk pudding is vanishing. The breakfast cereal takes their place. Drummond made a great point of class differences, but Miss Hollingsworth has little to say about these beyond noting that it is still middle class to eat vegetables and fruit. In the seventeenth century, the upper classes had suffered from a deficiency of Vitamin A because they had left butter and vegetables to the poor and believed that vegetables led to Burton's hypochondriacal windiness. There are still signs that people obdurately believe in bulk for large families among the well-off and the poor, for reasons that are psychological rather than economic. When the dietician's back is turned, the stomach – always a Romantic – dreams of inflating like the figure of the Buddha. Is it the frequency of famine in the East that has made artists portray him in the bliss of repletion?

Drummond's method was to look to the production of food in each period from the medieval and the Tudor forwards, then to the quality of the food, the meals of the different classes; finally he made his scientific and medical comments. The reader who loses himself in this fascinating detail must first of all be struck by the extraordinary ups and downs of English eating; centuries that begin well end badly. Economic progress is often fatal: only science advances. Then, again and again, one notes the struggle to make a nation of meat-eaters balance their diet with fruit and vegetables. It is very difficult for us to imagine an ungardened England, but between the reigns of Henry IV and Henry VIII, owing to the civil wars and the Crusades, English vegetable gardening was far behind that of the Italians, French and Dutch, indeed almost extinct. Countrymen grew the colewort, and a great many herbs for the masking of meat that was high in the summer or flavourless in the winter-salting. It was not until the Dutch refugees from Spanish persecution brought their art of gardening to us that gradually we took to vegetables. One huge series of meat courses follows another in the surviving menus. Until the sixteenth-century meat preceded fish at meals, and a 'sotelte' (subtlety) of either pastry or jelly marked the end of each course. Vegetables are not mentioned in the banquets; they are no doubt despised; fruits are feared because of 'putrid fevers'. Two hundred years passed before the potato became a field crop in England. It is not until the eighteenth century, in the first prosperous half when the English fed better than they were to do at any time in the next 150 years, that vegetables were eaten by the better-off.

An important general factor, in century after century, is the power of the wool trade. We are so magnetised by the conflicts and effects of the Industrial Revolution that we only spasmodically recall, in a kind of dream, that for most of its history England has been a sheep-raising and weaver's country. Again and again, in the bad times, the sheep and wool men are blamed for killing agriculture, forcing up prices and for the depressions. They take the arable land, cut down the peasant's corn, leave him no pasturage for his cow, deny him his 'white' meat, force him back to eating chicken. Steadily wool turns us into a nation of town manufacturers and merchants, feasting at the expense of the countryside.

To a less exuberant generation the periods of English gluttony are strange. The Great were the great feeders. In the sixteenth century, the bishops and clerics had to be restrained by edict; in Scotland, overeating at one time became illegal. How do we account for the gluttony which Rowlandson and others satirised in the eighteenth century? Is gluttony the result of glut, as it seems to be in the gross meals one frequently sees being eaten by the wealthy in South America? Their example suggests that there is nothing like a starving society for producing a governing class of gluttons – as if overeating were a form of conspicuous waste. And why have the English given up gluttony? Because of the rising cost of living? Because of the decline of leisure? Because the fear and the sight of starvation have gone? Because we have to import too much food? Because we have to work too hard? Because we now worship health and longevity? Because we are knowledgeable? Because the martyrdoms of pleasure no longer appeal? Because we want no more exorbitant personalities, no Falstaffs, no Fat Boys, no Sir Epicure Mammons? There are still gluttonous pockets in Europe, but on the whole, the vice has moved to the New World. Yet in North America the cult of health seems to be creating its own outsize milk-fed human pork; as if there were some basic infantile terror of starvation in human nature, a desire

* *The Englishman's Food. Five Centuries of English Diet.* By J. C. Drummond and Anne Wilbraham. Revised with a new chapter by D. F. Hollingsworth. *Cape.* 36*s*.

to swell up on principle instead of sensuality. And once more, the hypocritic stomach is up to its double game of having its cake and pretending that it has not eaten it: the outsize New World man or woman has turned to the martyrdom of slimming.

Drummond's book is no anthology but his scholarly history does not despise the anecdotal. I did not know that the sailors at the new canning factory at Deptford about 1874 called the tinned meat Sweet Fanny Adams, in reference to the girl who was hacked to pieces by a Hampshire murderer in 1867. And since Drummond dedicated his book to Stark, the martyr, it is appropriate to mention the strange case of Alexis St Martin, a French Canadian trapper who became one of the famous guinea-pigs of nutrition. He had been terribly wounded by gunshot in the stomach and his wound healed in such a way that there was a useful spyhole from the abdominal wall into the interior. This enabled his doctor, Beaumont, to observe for the first time directly how the organ worked. Dr William Beaumont persuaded the trapper to agree, under contract, to 'submit, to assist and to promote by all means in his power such philosophical experiments as the said William shall direct or cause to be made on the stomach of the said Alexis, either through and by means of the aperture or opening thereto in the side of him'. In 1833 the trapper submitted to 239 experiments. Beaumont's discoveries were of the greatest importance. They laid the foundations for the work of Pavlov.

V. S. PRITCHETT

J. H. PLUMB (Spectator) writes: 'An admirable addition to a noble series—a triumph of courageous publishing. Any reader interested in the 18th century should buy it and read it. It can be thoroughly recommended for its balance and sound judgment.'

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GENERAL EDITOR: DAVID DOUGLAS

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Time for Clipping

On our arrival they were merely green
Needles pricking the soil, with space between
For air and sunlight; pride of the previous owner,
Who, dreaming a lawn quite innocent of weeds,
Had cleared the ground, sprinkled the fine seeds
And left the rest to fate and gardener's honour.

For thirty weeks they grew undisciplined,
Guzzling the rain and grappling with the wind;
Each juicy filament took the lean and swerve
Of its compacting wave in a churned lake.
At last, fetching the clippers and the rake,
I contemplate the sentence I must serve.

And then the blades move in, precise and swift,
Chopping the tough lank fibres, and a drift
Of shredded silk is loosed above the whish
And clack of the clean steel. In tangles wet
With hoarded rain—refusing to forget—
Their fragrance lingers like a mindless wish:

A wish that goes with thoughts now raked aside—
While acrobatic ladybirds that ride
Their limber rods, are rescued on the spot.
The drifts comply; but wiry strands that coil
Between the teeth, cling to the snug soil;
And rambling threads are left to dry and rot.

At length we make our survey: sodden dirt,
A stubble grimed, uneven, but alert;
And there the slugs and earthworms that remain
Through all retrenchments. Yet no real weed
Is trundled out of consciousness to feed
The slow impartial bonfire down the lane.

RICHARD KELL

Incendiary?

Russia, the Atom and the West. By GEORGE F. KENNAN. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Anger, pleasure and controversy – these are not the results we expect from the Reith lectures. If Mr Kennan's series was an exception, it was not because what he said about summit talks, European disengagement and underdeveloped countries was extraordinary. The sparks he let fly so near the tinder-box were such remarks as that Russian invasion of Europe had not at any time been deterred by a nuclear threat; that the primary defence against the USSR could not be military; that he could 'not find it in his heart to grudge them' their economic and technical advance; that the right way of competing with the Sputnik was to give attention to such 'homely issues' as the racial struggle in the South and the conditions of youth in American cities, since 'unless we make progress in them, no satellite will ever save us'; that foreign aid, as now envisaged, is not useful in combating Soviet propaganda; that the way of preventing world war breaking out in the Middle East – as opposed to small wars that he thinks inevitable, for instance, in the Middle East – is not to bribe or buy Arab countries, but to make ourselves – even at the cost of some austerity – independent of the oil which now keeps us there; that, finally, the object of Nato should not primarily be to enable us to destroy the Soviet Union seven times over instead of once, but to provide the West with an inspiring purpose in defence of its common tradition.

No wonder this challenge to the accepted assumptions of official American policy pleased liberals in America as well as in Britain and in Germany; no wonder it annoyed American Republicans – all the more since Mr Kennan, who is no leftist, let alone a Socialist, is an ex-ambassador with an intimate and special knowledge of the Soviet Union. Moreover his attack on American defence policy was delivered with a most undiplomatic passion, almost it seemed with desperation.

His central purpose was to switch the mind of the West – he was addressing himself primarily to America – from the assumption of a threatened Soviet Pearl Harbour. If, he said, our future was to be devoted to a wild weapon race in which we should 'flee like hunted creatures from one defensive device to another, each more costly and humiliating than the one before, cowering underground one day, breaking up our cities the next, attempting to surround ourselves with elaborate electronic shields on the third, concerned only to prolong the length of our lives while sacrificing all the values for which it might be worth while to live at all' – then he might be tempted to urge that we 'divest ourselves of this weapon altogether' and, like most of the other people in the world, seek comparative security in trusting 'that measure of common sense and humanity which even our adversaries possess'.

In an important passage Mr Kennan refuted the new American thesis of the 'graded deterrent' which neglects the fact that modern conventional weapons do as much damage as the bombs that fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and there is absolutely no reason to believe in the possibility of a limited nuclear war. Mr Kennan suggests that America should rather 'relax', accepting as a fact the existence of the present deterrent and refusing the suicidal proposal to arm the lesser Nato powers with nuclear weapons. What chance of survival has civilisation if the Israelis and the Egyptians, the Turks and the Greeks, the Indians and the Pakistanis all know themselves capable of destroying each other at a blow?

In dealing with undeveloped areas I think Mr Kennan is inadequate because he lacks any deep social analysis. He is, of course, right that America does not necessarily buy allies by charity, that indeed it produces the usual reactions against patronage and resentment when aid has become a habit and its withdrawal an insult. What I miss most in this part of his argument is the realisation that Soviet aid (which he rightly says is not likely to be as boundless as Moscow pretends) appeals to nationalism instead of baulking it. Everywhere in the post-war world nationalism has been the decisive factor; where the West has recognised it and aided it Communism has been at a loss. Where the West has tried to bolster up feudalism and reaction, as in China or Viet-Nam, the nationalist movement has become Communist.

Mr Kennan is, of course, right in believing that success in any Western negotiation with Russia depends on the cohesion of countries with Western values rather than on their capacity for destruction. Soviet policy, it seems to me, is best defined as a determination to ensure that the foreign offices of as many countries as possible should be friendly or neutral and that their Home Secretaries should be *personae gratae* to Moscow.

None of us can seriously quarrel with the first of these demands at a time when our Defence Minister states that his object is no longer to defend the civil population but only to protect America's bases in Britain. It is the implication of the second Soviet demand that drives not only the middle classes but also the workers of the West into accepting nuclear armament. If Europeans look to America for support, it is primarily

because they fear the fate of the Hungarian workers who were smashed by Soviet tanks though they had once welcomed Russia as a liberator. It is with this in mind that the West should engage in summit talks. Mr Kennan, like Mr Lippmann, distinguishes between futile general talk with the Russians and particular agreements about which the Soviet Union has usually showed itself punctilious.

Mr Kennan's book ends with a chapter full of perceptive remarks about Anglo-American relations. This chapter, originally intended as the last of his broadcasts, was omitted because he felt that the quarrel over Suez had receded while the Nato proposal to dole out nuclear weapons to all and sundry was terribly urgent. He is right that Britain and America cannot part company; and that much of the resentment against the US is due to the 'American that inhabits the British and European breast'; this American that is within all of us envies America's wealth and power and is bitter about a Hollywood way of life which after all we only import of our own free will. Mr Kennan omits perhaps the most important obstacle to co-operation: the comparatively few public men in America – or for that matter in England – who speak with his objectivity and humanity.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Pimplean Sisters

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Liquid, limpid Italian might be supposed to lend itself readily to lyric poetry: and so in a sense it does. Rhyme and melody both come easily; words themselves carry noble and tender overtones; ever since Dante and Petrarch, mastery of form has been assured. But these advantages involve corresponding drawbacks. Lacking our own twin heritage of Anglo-Saxon roots and Latin derivatives, Italian poets seem sometimes in danger of soaring into windy realms, facile and literary: while in England or America it's easy to be a mediocre poet, in Italy it's even easier to be a bad one. And while the achievements of the past form a basis for further experiment, they may also impose a heavy weight of tradition to be supported or overthrown. The cleavage, moreover, between the written *lingua toscana* and cur-

The 1957 B.B.C. Reith Lectures

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LIVE AND LET LIVE

DR. EUSTACE CHESSER

Foreword by

SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN

8/6: Feb. 17

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rent spoken versions of Italian has sometimes threatened to isolate literature in a kind of everlasting eighteenth century; much of its recent history describes attempts to break out. These attempts, and the isolation they seek to counter, can both be seen in Mr Kay's selection. Thus he includes D'Annunzio's vigorous piece of seadoggerel, *'A una torpediniera nell'Adriatico'*, to represent one form of break-through, and long extracts from Eugenio Montale (whom he prefers to Quasimodo) to represent another. Earlier, he is perhaps too generous to some pre-Renaissance and minor Renaissance figures, as well as to some poems which history or association have made prominent. Looking back on the tamer stretches, one has a sneaking impression of large numbers of insincere-sounding gentlemen lamenting that various women won't go to bed with them. In this context, Metastasio's *'La Libertà'* – freedom from being in love – has an especial zest, the backlash of rather jaded Arcadianism:

Io lascio un'incostante,
tu perdi un cor sincero:
non so di noi primiero
chi s'abbia a consolar.
So che un sì fido amante
non troverà più Nice;
che un'altra ingannatrice
è facile a 'trovar.

Exit, cocking a snook.

Carping, one might complain of some omissions: Parini, Alfieri, G. G. Belli, and all contemporary poets under fifty. Myself, I should have liked more Cavalcanti, less Foscolo, and still more Leopardi. But beyond these personal quirks, and a tiny number of mistakes or misprints, I found very little to quarrel with in this teemingly rich anthology. Five shillings, after all, is incredibly little to pay for some of the best work of Jacopone Da Todi, Petrarch, Michelangelo, Tommaso Campanella, Ungaretti, Montale, and Quasimodo, to say nothing of names better and less well known. And if some of the verse here has a more than Petrarchan suavity, or seems insubstantial like the smoke in Dino Campana's *Bastimento in viaggio, 'che non esiste come musica'*, the towering achievements of Dante and Leopardi, some of them within these covers, stand as a permanent reminder that Italian, no less than English, has sinews to match its beauty.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Leicester School

Gloucestershire Studies. Edited by H. P. R. FINBERG. *Leicester University Press.* 30s.

The Midland Peasant. By W. G. HOSKINS. *Macmillan.* 30s.

Leicestershire. By W. G. HOSKINS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25s.

For some people the study of local history is a bore, for others a passion. The Leicester School of local historians, scattered though they are, have made it into a university discipline. In so doing they have neither cut their links with the antiquarian past nor abandoned fresh air and sturdy boots. One of the essays in Mr Finberg's anthology pays generous tribute to 'the historians of Gloucestershire', 'the playne and home-bred' as well as Maitland and Vinogradoff; Mr Hoskins thought of calling his volume on Leicestershire 'a Perambulation' as did William Lamparde in the first county history to be written in 1576, and in his detailed study of the Leicestershire peasantry he diligently re-examines manorial history, 'that stronghold of the antiquarian', to catch new views from the ramparts. Both he and Mr Finberg like walking as much as talking, prefer the visual to the abstract, are just as interested in landscapes as in people. Mr Hoskins takes us back to a fine April afternoon when he stood at the bottom of a newly dug grave in the modern cemetery at Wigston near Leicester gazing at 'the visible evidence of the continuity of life in this community whose history I was trying to unravel': Mr Finberg sees the most dramatic confrontation of past and future in the proposed building of an atomic power station within sight of the windows of the Berkeley's castle beside the Severn.

The word 'community' is the key-word of the Leicester School. Mr Hoskins's fascinating account of peasant life in Wigston traces big and small changes in a rural society based upon an open-field economy from the Danish settlement to the enclosure award of 1764-6. His final chapter has the gloomy but realistic title 'The End of a Peasant Society'. Mr Finberg's main purpose is 'to study the past in which the life of the individual was so intimately bound up with the life of the local community'. Such studies ignore conventional textbook periods of history, seek forgotten continuities and sometimes forgotten breaks, use every kind of evidence, documentary and archæological, local and national, and demand a prodigious amount of work, and a powerful dash of imagination. 'Today,' says Mr Finberg with justifiable pride, 'our curiosity extends to every corner of the local scene. Others may specialise in this period or that, in ecclesiastical or parliamentary or economic history: the local historian must embrace them all. For him the rural or urban community of the past is one entire whole.' He might have added that this comprehensive conception of local history does not stop at the local. It depends on comparisons and contrasts to achieve its effects. It poses the question of how far any particular local community is 'representative', and eventually it may lead to major re-evaluations of national history. Far from being a peripheral study of a small Leicestershire village, Mr Hoskins's *Midland Peasant* raises general questions for national historians, and economic historians in particular will have to use detailed evidence from other places before they can test Mr Hoskins's hypotheses and pass on to new generalisations. It is the chief merit of the historians of the Leicester School that they do not take a stock account of national history and go on to select local materials – from Devon, Gloucestershire or even Leicestershire – to illustrate it. They begin with the parish or the manor and end with the nation. One of Mr Finberg's collection of articles, indeed, goes further than that. An essay by Mr Hudd – originally published locally nearly fifty years ago – suggests that America got its name not from Amerigo Vespucci but from Richard Ameryk, a leading citizen of Bristol.

There are two dangers in the work of the historians of the Leicester School. They are too nostalgic – Mr Hoskins makes it abundantly clear in his popular book on Leicestershire in *The Making of the English Landscape* series that he dislikes 'modern times' – and they do not do full justice to local-central themes in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The history of the community did not stop, however, with the catastrophes of the eighteenth century, and the twentieth century is not simply an age of decaying country houses and concrete lamp-posts. History is concerned with ideas as well as buildings, with words as well as pictures, and even the best and most disciplined local history is no substitute for other kinds of historical study. As one speaker platitudinously reminded the inaugural meeting of the Bristol and Gloucestershire

Archæological Society in 1876, 'no doubt great changes do happen in the world'. He went on to comment that 'when we lose India' – as 'prophets of evil venture' were daring to prognosticate – 'we may begin to think of winding up this youngest of our Archæological Societies'. The brave men of Leicester are making sure that local history is not wound up. The more the world changes, the more intensely and skilfully they seek to recover the local past.

ASA BRIGGS

Appearance and Reality

Titoism. Pattern for International Communism. By C. P. MCVICKER. *Macmillan.* 36*s.*

The Triumphant Heretic. By ERNEST HALPERIN. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

It was possible, I suppose, to write books about old-fashioned tyrannies. Gladstone found no great difficulty in inspecting the prisons of Naples. Visitors to Metternich's Italy could gossip with discontented intellectuals in cafés and shared the diligence with voluble conspirators. Totalitarian states defeat the inquirer. There are special trains for foreigners and special hotels. There are even special talkers, employed by the secret police to tell the visitor what he ought to know. The political prisons are said not to exist. Statistics are either not available or else so arranged as to give a picture of Utopia. Every book on these states presents a pattern, not a picture of reality: either the pattern offered by the rulers or a more personal pattern devised by the writer. But what the peoples of these countries believe, what they want, how they live – these remain a mystery.

It is the habit to assume that Yugoslavia is the exception to this rule, since Tito and Stalin quarrelled; or at any rate a halfway house. We can know some of the truth, but not all. The recent trial of elderly Social Democrats is a warning against this hope. The Yugoslavs are certainly slightly more 'western'; most of them, indeed, equipped with the old Habsburg adroitness. Listening to their plausible explanations recalls Berchtold shrugging off Wickham Steed's awkward questions and instead admiring his new gloves. The two books under notice both try to break through this facade. Mr McVicker is an American political scientist, with consular service at Zagreb, who helped at one time to administer American aid. But he has not seen much even though it was happening under his nose. His book is modelled on that farcical masterpiece by the Webbs, *Soviet Russia: a New Civilisation.* Just as the Webbs designed the Soviet codes into a system without noticing the cattle-trucks of political prisoners outside their carriage window, so Mr McVicker presents an orderly survey of the Fundamental Decrees which claim to have transformed Yugoslavia. Here they all are: federalism, workers' control, social security, the rights of the individual. Unlike the Webbs, Mr McVicker has an occasional qualm. He perceives correctly that, if Yugoslav practice conformed with Yugoslav theory, the country would be running over with freedom and prosperity. His own little flicker of personal observation tells him that it is not. What can be the explanation? Mr McVicker fails to give it. Each chapter arrives at the conclusion that the Yugoslavs have rounded the bend and are coming into the straight. One more burst and they will reach the democratic winning-post. Then, with sad resignation, he hints that the jockey may be pulling the horse. Another explanation might be that both horse and jockey merely exist as a blue-print.

Mr Halperin, a Swiss journalist, is successfully resolved not to be an Intourist observer. His book is probably the best and certainly the most ingenious written about Yugoslavia in recent years. He grasps firmly the mainstay of Yugoslav politics: that Tito and his associates are determined to maintain their dictatorial position. He is very good on Djilas, the intellectual who takes theories seriously: first excessive in Stalinism, and now paying the penalty for believing that Tito had been converted to democracy. Most of what Mr Halperin writes is very clever; and much of it may be right. But his guesses run away with him. His explanation of why Tito scowled during Krushchev's speech at the air-port is taken straight from Sherlock Holmes. Of course it may be true; but it sounds too clever by half. In my opinion, people get things wrong about Yugoslavia when they suppose that an admirable international policy necessarily produces admirable results at home. It is excellent that Tito should diddle the Russians and the Americans and us; but why should this change things for the Yugoslavs? First the windows were dressed with Communism; next with democracy. Now the decorations are rather faded; and bits of the reality poke through: a poverty-stricken people and an efficient secret police. What else should one expect?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Subjective Scientist

Three Steps to Victory. By SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT. *Odhams.* 30*s.*

A great discovery (and by any token radar qualifies as that) depends upon the man, the method, and the moment. Today, when string and sealing-wax are no longer sufficient, one must add the means. The man must have flair, insight and initiative, but he must also have the method, which demands the objectivity, as well as the knowledge, which comes with scientific training; and the moment is that incident of time, or of scientific 'climate', when circumstances, and other discoveries, combine to make an invention possible. (Leonardo da Vinci's helicopter was scientifically feasible but we had to wait four centuries for the internal combustion engine with which to power it.)

In radar, Watson-Watt was unquestionably the man; he had the method; and the crisis of history provided the moment. He also had the means. In 1935, the Tizard Committee and an understanding Minister of Air (Lord Swinton) endorsed his historic memorandum, which showed that the enemy might be made to reveal himself by helplessly reflecting back radio-waves. Between then and the outbreak of war, something of the order of £10m. had been spent on research and development; and that was chicken-feed compared with the thousands of millions which Britain and her allies were to devote to radar during the war – far, far more than was spent on the prodigious development of the atom-bomb.

Watson-Watt and his pioneering colleagues made Britain, in the Air Age, an island again; and the Battle of Britain, the Battle of the Atlantic and every battle in which Britain and America engaged on land, or sea or in the air, would have been vastly, and often disastrously different without radar. History, with less embarrassment to the reader, could have been relied upon to accord him his claim (quoting the Duke of Wellington) 'By God! I do not think it would have been done if I had not been there!'

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MERVYN JONES

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pages of disconcerting frankness – he puts the record straight for the historians. He emphasises that nothing which conforms to his definition of radar existed previously; but no discovery is parthenogenic; it has an ancestry and collateral relations. In discussing jealousies and grudges, he reopens old wounds which, one hoped, time had healed. Indeed, at one time, he himself provided the balm and unction in his apt differentiation between 'The Makers-Possible' and the 'Makers-to-Happen' – the academics whose researches contributed, directly or indirectly, and the applied scientists who made it work.

Among the Grampian foothills where Watson-Watt was born, children, spoiling for a fight, say 'Gie's yer dunts' ('Go on! Hit me and see what happens!') He invites the dunts and hits back, championing the Makers-to-Happen of radar who, he feels, were never adequately recognised. There was no room for them in the Victory Parade and virtually none in the Honours Lists which showered titles on traditional military recipients. While *ex gratia* awards were made to many who deserved far less from their country and the world, Watson-Watt and his 'syndicate' of pioneers faced, for 44 days, the Commission of Awards justifying their claims against detractors. The commission awarded £87,950 of which £52,000 went to Watson-Watt. In the humiliating circumstances, the money itself was obviously bitter fruit.

The other two 'steps to victory' were 'Huff Duff' (H/F D/F, High Frequency Direction Finding), a radio (but not radar) technique which wreaked havoc among the U-boat Wolf Packs; and Operational Research. O.R. was something quite different in kind. It began with Watson-Watt sending out scientists to find out why their radar instruments were not working efficiently in the Services and discovering that it had nothing to do with physics and engineering but with the human element. As Lord Rutherford used to say, 'There's too much human nature about' – particularly in the Services with their effete ideas of human management and organisation. To redress that, the Boffins (and those field-scientists, not the 'backroom boys', were the origin of the term) were assigned to various commands and applied numerical thinking and scientific method not only to organisational problems but to actual military operations. Eventually every C-in-C had his 'tame magician' and civvy-suited scientists sat in the inner planning rooms with the mighty. In its way, Operational Research was as big a war-winning factor as radar. When Admiral Doenitz sent his despairing signal to the Führer: 'We have lost the U-boat war because the enemy used science and we did not' he was referring not only to radar and Huff Duff but O.R.

This is a vigorous and discomforting book. It is part-autobiographical, part-history of great war events, and part-technical. The three get involved and issues become personalised. Apart from the facts it conveys, it may serve to remind readers that objective scientists can also be exceedingly subjective.

RITCHIE CALDER

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Threads of Life

Brave Men: A Study of D. H. Lawrence and Simone Weil. By RICHARD REES. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Writing long ago, and respectfully, about D. H. Lawrence, Mr Edwin Muir said: 'Mr Lawrence has picked up a thread of life forgotten by mankind'. 'Darn your socks with it, Mr Muir,' was Lawrence's reply. Sir Richard Rees also inclines towards the thread-of-life approach. Lawrence is 'a religious genius', 'a prophetic genius', 'a natural saint' (Lawrence would have risen to that last one); his message is related to Third-Programme civilisation and the Bomb; his diagnosis of our troubles is compared with Simone Weil's.

This bringing together of Lawrence and Simone Weil is the weakest part of the book: its effect is to diminish both of them—the former to a hectic muddler and the latter to a commonplace ethical Jew. Simone Weil often paddled around in the wisdom of ages ('I came to feel that Plato was a mystic, that all the Iliad is bathed in Christian light and that Dionysus and Osiris are in a certain sense Christ himself'), but she really did know how to think, as well as being educated in philosophy. The difference between metaphysics and literature must be respected, as must the disparity of natures. Simone Weil achieved ascetic concentration of a most impressive kind, but Lawrence would have regarded the whole thing as revoltingly 'mental' and perverted.

Sir Richard Rees's preface contains a frank explanation ('D. H. Lawrence and Simone Weil have been, for me, the two most important writers of this age and I have therefore been compelled, on pain of schizophrenia, to try to relate them in my own mind') which struck me as an inauspicious start to a book largely concerned with literary criticism. Lawrence's work will not submit to a message-extracting process; there are no author's spokesmen or touchstone-characters – in fact, as Lawrence told Edward Garnett, there are no characters at all in the old sense: 'You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego* of the character'.

But these fears proved groundless. When Sir Richard comes to deal with Lawrence on his own, his treatment of those fragile books, so ready to die under the critical knife, is as delicate as could be. He recognises that Lawrence is at his worst when the ideas are detachable – citing the silly religious primitivism of *The Plumed Serpent* – and he comes to the good books in a frame of mind which he illuminates with a quotation from Hopkins:

> And for all this, nature is never spent;
> There lives the dearest freshness deep down things.

One recalls Dr Leavis's insistence on Lawrence's reverence for life. There is an obvious similarity. But Sir Richard's keen, though less intensely moral, vision brings a large measure of independence to his book. He draws attention to an underrated novel, *The Lost Girl*. He gives descriptive pieces like *Flowery Tuscany* a greater importance than moralist-critics would allow them. It is a pity that his views on literature are thrown out without proper argument to support them (he thinks the novels of Proust and Joyce 'are dead classics, which Mr Forster's books are not'), and that the general arrangement is untidy (he tells us four times that Simone Weil worked in the Renault factory). It is all the more a pity because one does discover, in this Noah's Ark of a book, a very rewarding essay on Lawrence.

JOHN JONES

Live it Up

Dancing in the Streets. By CLIFFORD HANLEY. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Clyde Waters. By MAURICE LINDSAY. *Robert Hale.* 18*s.*

Mr Hanley's no phoney. He's danced in the streets, he's drunk in the saloons and he's necked in the parlours. He's done all this in Glasgow and he's written the best book from Scotland that I've read in years. He often writes carelessly and some of his gags are better than others but he always writes vividly and for accurate observation (and shooting) he's in the Queen's Hundred.

Knowing the Englishman's resistance to Scottish biography – and my goodness, he's had reason to resist – let me make some wide, vague and I hope appetising comparisons. In his account of a conversation with a tram driver I'm reminded of Salinger and the cab-driver in Central Park, it's so funny and so sad. More than once I thought of Dylan Thomas's Young Dog though he lacks Thomas's care and control, and of course he never refrains from comment. And there's a smell of *Odd Man Out*. By that I don't mean Mr Hanley's imitative. I mean that this is the range of comparison and if the book's far from perfect, the man's tremendous. He's never sentimental: never pontificates; never bores. No Hoots mon; no haggis; no heather on the hill. This is life as it's lived by an honest man who's never stopped learning. The life happens to be lived in Glasgow, in the tenements, the dance-halls or the Kemsley office, but if you've never been there and never intend going there, that is still no excuse for not reading this untidy, disjointed, brilliant book.

Mr. Maurice Lindsay, the celebrated Scottish poet depicted opposite page 32 in his study with his two basset hounds, presents his book with the hot pop contemporary title *Clyde Waters, Variations and Diversions on a theme of Pleasure*, and it contains patches of poetry (English and Lallans), patches of Scottish scholarship, patches of autobiography and patches of pure wool. As a literary guide-book it has a local value but how a young or youngish man could now write a book of this sort passes belief. If the book were a hat it would be

cloche, 1930, and I think the only thing to recommend is that he, his basset hounds and his publisher contact Mr Hanley and get taken round the town. None of them, I'm sure, would be any the worse of a tremendous, eye-opening blind.

JAMES KENNAWAY

Everyman to Brecht

The Medieval Theatre in the Round. By RICHARD SOUTHERN. *Faber.* 45*s.*

The Castle of Perseverance is a superb morality play dating from about 1425, and surviving in a manuscript which includes stage directions and a sketch plan showing how the play was arranged. It is with the interpretation of this plan – perhaps the first of a theatrical presentation in English history – that Dr Southern is concerned. He brings to his task unrivalled authority, both historical and practical, on the physical conditions of drama. The result is something by no means common: a distinguished contribution to specialised scholarship which is at the same time almost certain to please and absorb anybody who takes it up. What was the theatre like? Where was the audience disposed? How did the action proceed? We are given all the available clues – scanty, but just not *too* scanty – and we follow Dr Southern at work on them. It is better fun than a thriller. And there is no mess.

We begin with the plan. It is like a bicycle wheel. There are no spokes; for hub there is a battlemented castle on stilts, with a bed tucked oddly underneath; and irregularly placed around the outer perimeter of the tyre are five 'scaffolds'. Various legends help or perplex:

> this is the watyr a-bowte the place if any dyche may be mad wher it schal be pleyed . . . & lete nowth ouer many stytelerys be with-Inne the plase.
>
> this is the Castle of Perseuerаunse that stondyth In the myddys of the place; but lete no men sytte ther, for lettynge of syt.
>
> Mankynde in bed schal be vnder the Castel & ther schal the sowle lye vnder the bed tyl he schal ryse & pleye.

If a ditch, then a hill – and dimly we begin to see an audience banked up around an arena stage. But was the hill outside the ditch, or the ditch outside the hill? And just what is meant by the 'place' and who are the 'stytelerys' who must not be present there in too great number? If people are not to prevent other people from seeing by occupying the middle of the place, does it not follow that they do occupy some other part of the place – which is therefore not to be conceived of as wholly reserved for the actors? Why are the five scaffolds placed just as they are? If, as seems likely, they are perched up on the hill, and if part of the audience is down in the arena itself, how does it all work out in terms of sight-lines and the dynamics of the crowd? And was Mankind obliged to lie for three hours under the bed until his entrance at line 3009 of the play.

There are a great many further questions. A close study of the text itself helps to solve some of them. And so do other things: Jean Fouquet's miniature of the martyrdom of St Apollonia, the surviving Cornish 'rounds', just what a stage-manager is likely to call out today if he wants to summon a fly-man down to the stage. And in fact the fly-man and all he stands for are never far from Dr Southern's mind. The whole book is relevant to the experimental theatre today, and there is an entire fitness in its being dedicated to the memory of Brecht and to the Berliner Ensemble.

J. I. M. STEWART

New Novels

The Bank Audit. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Leave Me Alone. By DAVID KARP. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Feast of Lupercal. By BRIAN MOORE. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Mr Bruce Marshall continues as unpredictable as ever. His last novel, *Girl in May*, was, to use a phrase much affected by the characters in his present one, a 'pig's breakfast' of a book – a supine and saccharinish idyll of first love in St Andrew's during World War I. But this time he has come up with a winner. Fond as I am of *Every Man a Penny* and *Father Malachy's Miracle*, I think this is his best novel to date. Ingenious, witty, sprawling with invention, it combines the thrust of a good whodunit, the high spirits of a Ben Travers farce and the satisfaction that we all derive from the fiction of elbow-grease – the novel that initiates the reader into a craft or discipline.

What Mr Balchin has done for his backroom laboratories and analysts' sofas, what Mr Walter Allen did for the small-scale Midlands factory in *Dead Man Over All*, Mr Marshall has now done for chartered accountancy. In case this sounds incredible, I should add that the time is 1934 – the year of the famous Stavinsky scandals – and the firm is a British one operating in Paris. Though the main action revolves round the bank fraud discovered in Messrs Shinto and Dunsmuir's British and Overseas Banking Corporation, Mr Marshall's juggling ability to keep all his balls up in the air at once gives the book a much wider reference than most middle-brow novels of this kind can command. As in his *Yellow Tapers for Paris* – an earlier book set in much the same period atmosphere, which Mr Marshall seems to me to have drawn on heavily – the writer is obsessed with the decadence of the nation he has known so long and loved so bitterly. 'In politics,' declares Flaubert, 'the only thing I understand is the riot.' Mr Marshall gives us an unstinted ration of rioting in this book, ironically filtering the venom of Maurras and Colonel La Rocque through the muddled thinking of the lame old clerk Dugommier – poet and ex-Chasseur Alpin, class of '14 – a figure from the author's Chelsea Hospital stock wardrobe, though little the worse for that.

The characterisation of this book – the partners and clerks, their wives, mistresses, casual daily contacts – is beautifully done, in Mr Marshall's brightest and pithiest manner. If I'm unhappy about Wormit, the hero, it is only because I have met him so many times before in Marshall's other books. He is *l'homme moyen catholique*, scoring off the unbeliever every time with his unspoken theology:

> 'Please, sir, it's about the cut in salaries, sir.'
> 'What about it?'
> 'Please, sir, I've got to live.'
> 'Why?'
>
> That was what Riley would call a slap across the belly with a wet fish. Then surprisingly the cold pale blue eyes twinkled, and Morven said, grinning through the ugly gap that was his mouth: 'Sit down, Wormit, sit down. Come on, tell me: why have you got to live?'
>
> 'To earn sufficient merit to save my soul,' Wormit supposed that he ought to have answered; but he didn't, and not only because he knew that Morven wouldn't have understood, but also because it wouldn't have been quite the truth, as one of the reasons he wanted to go on living was to look at pretty girls in the métro with whom he could never be one flesh.

Sentimental religiosity apart, Mr Marshall has written an admirable novel. Like Mr C. S. Forester and Mr John Masters, he is a first-class *romancier*, one who, in the words of Mr Edwin Muir's recipe for the novel of action, charms us with his 'irresponsible delight in vigorous events'.

Mr Karp is no charmer – though he has his relaxed moments – and *Leave Me Alone* is by no means a charming book. It is one of the most powerful and best-written indictments of American suburb society that I have read, besides being an admirable piece of fiction in its own right. The hero, Arthur Henry Douglas, a publisher's editor in his middle-thirties, decides to move himself and his family out of their poky apartment off 52nd Street and start life anew in the open spaces of Oakstown, Long Island. Once they are installed, the suburban pressures begin to build up.

There are several sub-plots and much incidental characterisation – including an admirable sketch of a tough H. L. Menckenish intellectual of the old school named Sprague – but basically, the persecution of a member of the élite by the herd is the theme of Mr Karp's book. If his writing lacks the cut and dash of O'Hara, he has his own bleak and astringent artistry and he is a brilliant interpreter of the post-O'Hara generation – 'the indifferent generation', born in the decade of 1920-30. Mr Karp looks as if he might be the best and most serious of that group of post-war American writers concerned specifically with the American urban scene.

I remember praising Mr Brian Moore's *Judith Hearne* when it appeared two years ago and his new novel is technically every bit as accomplished. Mr Moore, like a minor *genre* painter, still shows no sign of going beyond his tight little corner of Catholic Belfast. There he is sovereign indeed; not a wink, a nuance, a swish of a soutane or a thimbleful of Irish goes unregarded. Yet

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From a Writer's Notebook

This is Van Wyck Brooks at his most creative, a provocative series of ideas and comments culled from a lifetime of reading, observation, work, and thought. Its urbanity, originality, and depth, its Emersonian wit, all reflect one of the most delightful and civilised minds in America. 21/-

DENT

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"A work of great erudition and wit . . . as modern as the publication date."—*Glasgow Beg. Times.*

I would still suggest that this, though good of its kind, is, for him, not really good enough. Diarmuid Devine, BA, English master at Ardath College, a love-sick bachelor with a heart of gold, is too much a first-cousin to poor lonely love-sick Miss Hearne for his story to be all that worth the telling. There are many good things in this book but Mr Moore will have to extend his imagination considerably if he is really to succeed as a novelist. Should Devine take the train to Dublin, the Holyhead mail perhaps? On the contrary, I think it is a vertical and not a horizontal extension that is necessary. If Mr Moore digs deep enough in the dark roots of Catholic Ulster I feel certain that he will unearth far stranger and more exciting material than poor Diarmuid.

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But I don't want a boy
With two lovely black eyes.

But the lovey-dovey note, which used to be the dominant theme of Valentines, was rarely to be heard. Instead, there were vicious messages like H. Hardman's –

Dear Presley, just a friendly note
To wish you palsy of the throat.

Heather Hramtsov was kinder with Picasso's –

Your horse is brown
And mine is blue;
I don't see eye
To eye with you;
But I'll love yours
If you'll love mine,
And you shall be
My Valentine.

Picasso topped the list, closely followed by Mrs Knight and Sir Thomas Beecham, with Mr Dulles not far behind. The Dulles entries were the least amusing and they don't figure in the prize-list, which consists of Leslie Johnson, Stanley J. Sharpless, Gloria Prince, G. J. Blundell, P. M., and J. A. Lindon, who score a guinea each. Runners-up were Rhoda Tuck Pook, W. Anthony, D. R. Peddy, Hilary, John Wardoper, Pandora, Guy Hadley, A. Hutchison, H. A. C. Evans, S. M. Mansell, D. A. J. S., C. Christian, J. R. Till, and L. G. Udall.

MRS MARGARET KNIGHT TO THE ARCHBISHOP

Most worthy prelate, at a time
Devoted to the gentler passion,
Could you not think of sin and crime
In somewhat less Draconian fashion?
The H-bomb still your ban awaits;
For AID you keep your thunder.
One slays by millions, one creates;
Is there not here some cause for wonder?

LESLIE JOHNSON

While there are those who bow the knee
In thoughtless hagiolatry
And call upon St Valentine,
Their *Weltanschauung* isn't mine;
The humanist must look askance
At tales of doubtful provenance,
And thus it is, Your Grace, I dare
To ask if you'll be my – Voltaire?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

MR MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE TO SIR IAN JACOB

This is the day of mating among birds,
And I in thy opinion am a Rail;
So who more fitting for my Valentine
Than thou, my flustered
And fluttering Sir Ian? Did my words
Form really such a Grouse they made thee Quail?
Then thou art of my feather, I of thine –
Thou fearful Bustard!

GLORIA PRINCE

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM TO MR ELVIS PRESLEY

Beloved, who find the schoolgirl's giggle
A music pure and sweet,
How I should love to see you wriggle
To my ecstatic beat!

Dear follower of Terpsichore,
O undulating Elvis,
I wish my baton's hickory
Could kiss your famous pelvis.

G. J. BLUNDELL

The temple is by Schism rent
And I, High Priest of music-makers,
Still serve the old Establishment –
You, a Society of Shakers.
No 'change of heart' shall grace my Valentine
(*But oh, a voice inside me begs*
Sometimes to change this baton arm of mine,
Elvis, for your unwearied legs!)

P. M.

M. PICASSO TO SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS
(*accompanying the gift of a distorting glass*)

be my cubintine alfred-white-and-blue
(said picablo) you
are a painter too,
and distorting it alfred-blue-and-white
(said picablo) might
put your basis right –
to an artist in horses of course his glass is
for seeing how broad and how bare his grass is.

J. A. LINDON

City Lights

Penny Wise

Mr William McChesney Martin is chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the governing body (full-time, independent) of the American central bank. He has the usual banker's dislike for rising prices, and the American monetary system gives him ample scope for making his dislikes felt. Amateurs of the curious will hunt eagerly for copies of the financial sermon he has just preached to a committee of Congress.

Mr Martin – William McChesney, that is – had these points to make:

(a) he was confident that there would be a revival in US business activity, though at some unspecified time in the future.

(b) the timing of the revival would depend 'on the speed with which needed readjustments are made'.

(c) the present recession may be 'deeper and more protracted than many now anticipate' . . . it may be accompanied by more unemployment and idle industrial capacity, and by 'manifest deflationary tendencies'.

(d) if this should happen, further monetary action 'would need to be considered'.

(e) 'excessive stimulus during a recession can jeopardise long-term stability'.

Mr Martin, of course, was speaking as a banker, and the American financial community has consistently been much gloomier about the business outlook than the economists who advise the President. It is still odd that he should go out of his way to spread alarm and despondency at a time when Administration spokesmen are busily ladling out great slugs of confidence to the American public. One is tempted to smell some special significance in his reference to the need for 'economic corrections and adaptations in factors beyond the province of monetary policy'; one is anxious to see a Presidential repudiation of this doctrine in the new $2 billion public works programme. It may be that a fundamental difference of opinion between the Administration and the Fed—concealed for some time by the Administration's refusal to believe that a recession was possible—is now coming out into the open.

One must be fair to Mr Martin and the large body of US financial opinion he represents. Central bankers everywhere believe that their main function is to protect the value of the currency and will go to surprising lengths in the service of this austere aim. In the US, they support themselves further with the belief that prolonged inflation can issue only in severe depression—and in the peculiar economic circumstances of the US this belief may be not altogether ill-found. But it is important to realise what these beliefs imply. Mr Martin holds that a recession, whose depth and duration he is unwilling to specify, is needed to purge the economy of its inflationary excesses: he has helped considerably in bringing the present recession about and he has done nothing yet to counter it. Unemployment in the US last month jumped sharply to 4½m.—5.8 per cent. of the labour force—and is still rising. Yet the Fed, according to Mr Martin, is still reluctant to do more than consider whether the need for counter-action will arise when 'manifest deflationary tendencies' appear. A further cut in discount rates, in fact, will only reflect the fall in business demand for credit which has already taken place.

Good luck and effective action by the Administration may still help US business to recover earlier than it deserves. But the plain fact must be faced that the US monetary authorities, playing a considerable part in determining the prosperity of the free world as a whole, are now convinced that the central banker's virtue consists in a fatalistic acceptance of the immutable fluctuations of the business cycle.

* * *

Mr Martin's sermon and the sharp jump in US unemployment have scattered gloom around the markets. Wall Street is uneasy and London is suffering in sympathetic silence. Even gilt-edged stocks have lost some of their momentum. The Chancellor has warned industry that tight controls over money and credit must remain in force, and the prospect of a cut in Bank Rate has receded a little. It will come, of course, but the market must first be convinced that it is hardly worth looking forward to.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

F. W. WOOLWORTH and CO.

RECORD TURNOVER

The annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co. Ltd will be held on 7 March in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by Mr R. J. Berridge, the chairman, which has been circulated to stockholders:—

Generally speaking trading during the year commenced satisfactorily but progressively faded so that in the last quarter conditions were difficult, especially in October when the so-called Asian 'flu claimed so many victims, staff and shopping public alike.

The Christmas trade did not commence in earnest until much later compared with 1956 and earlier years and the ten business days prior to Christmas were busy ones indeed. This change is akin to the pre-war pattern of Christmas shopping and the public as a whole seemed to be more practical and selective in their buying.

As portrayed by the Accounts, the company made further progress during 1957. Turnover increased to a new high record and though this was assisted by the new and extended stores, I am glad to state the stores entirely unchanged as a whole (they constitute 789 of the total of 989 stores in operation at the end of 1957) showed a modest increase in sales volume and in profit.

Expenses again increased at a greater rate than sales—wages and salaries in particular—and there seems no likelihood of any change in this trend.

STORE EXPANSION

The highlight of the year was the opening in October last of our most modern new store in the city of Oxford. The total number of stores operating at the end of the year was 989, without taking into account the three British West Indian stores.

SELF SERVICE STORES: Seventeen stores of this type were opened during the year, either in entirely new areas or by converting conventional service stores, so that the total number now in operation is raised to 46 stores.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES: The three stores operating in the British West Indies contributed a total profit of £97,794 before taxation, compared with £44,057 (Jamaica full year, Trinidad part year) in 1956. Three further stores are in process of erection in these islands and two of them are expected to open for business before the end of 1958.

Good progress is being made in building the store at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

The thorough understanding between our suppliers and buyers, which has existed for so many years, continued last year with an even higher degree of success.

This resulted in a further advance in providing quality goods for the stores' counters at very competitive prices—in fact amazingly so in many cases. This is the type of contribution the company has always made to keep down the cost of living and will continue to make in response to the Chancellor's request for lower prices.

Net profit before taxation amounted to £24,071,753 compared with £23,319,355 for 1956, an increase of £752,398 or 3.23 per cent.

The Final Dividend proposed on Ordinary Stock of 1s 4d per unit, plus 8d per unit Interim Dividend paid in August last, gives a total distribution of 2s per unit on the Ordinary Capital which was increased by the Scrip Issue early in 1957. This is the equivalent of 3s total distribution for 1956 paid on the smaller capital.

THE YEAR 1958

At this time last year the outlook for 1957 seemed dependent on the steps about to be taken to strengthen the country's economy. Unfortunately by mid-September even more stringent and restrictive monetary steps were necessary and they appear likely to continue. The effect of these latest moves is not clear yet and consequently prospects in the field of retail trade are obscure.

The trend of overheads will undoubtedly be upward, with the seeming certainty of higher wage rates. The higher National Insurance contributions, commencing at the beginning of February, will cost your company an additional amount of approximately £230,000 in 1958 or £250,000 in a full year.

The extent to which it will be possible for your company to maintain or increase profits must depend on the degree to which sales can be increased.

However, I take comfort in the conviction that the team work of our organisation however much it is put to the test, will produce a result for 1958 which will be creditable according to the conditions experienced.

ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO.

(Worsted Spinners)

DEMAND CONTINUES AT A HIGH LEVEL

The 38th annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited, was held on February 6 in Bradford, The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, PC, JP (Chairman), presiding.

The following are extracts from his circulated statement:—

The Group net profit after taxation is £269,981. A final dividend of 5 per cent less tax on the Ordinary Stock, as increased from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000, is recommended, representing a total dividend for the year on the former amount of Ordinary Stock of 15 per cent, or 7½ per cent on the now increased Capital.

Group Current Assets amount to £5,977,390, showing an excess over Current Liabilities and Dividend of £3,319,042 and Group Revenue Reserves are now £1,427,031.

The reduction in net profit, £270,000 as compared with £345,000 last year, is due in the main to three exceptional causes:

1. The disastrous influenza epidemic which for several weeks caused such excessive absences as to dislocate production at all our factories.
2. The writing-down in the value of unsold wool stocks as the result of the substantial fall in prices.
3. The continuing expense arising from the reorganisation of our James Tankard Branch, where we have built and equipped a large, new mill.

The reorganisation expenses of the James Tankard mill should be considerably reduced from now on, and indeed we look forward to a higher rate of production and profit. Wool prices have, however, continued to fall and it is not possible to forecast the future trend.

Our factories have continued to work at the fullest possible pressure; much overtime and evening work has been and is still being done.

The demand for wool clothing is continuing at a high level and, although competition is keener, our sales have been maintained at a level which already ensures the full working of our Branches for some months to come.

The report was adopted.

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you could obtain a grant from the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 4-day Annual Conference on "Living with Reality" at Girton College, Cambridge, from Friday, August 8, to Tuesday, August 12. The grant would cover board, residence, admission to lectures, and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5. The first prize-winner will also receive a cash award of Ten Guineas. **All you have to do** is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on

IS HUMANISM A WAY OF LIFE?

and submit it for approval by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

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One slays by millions, one creates;
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And call upon St Valentine,
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The humanist must look askance
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And fluttering Sir Ian? Did my words
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A music pure and sweet,
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O undulating Elvis,
I wish my baton's hickory
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(e) 'excessive stimulus during a recession can jeopardise long-term stability'.

Mr Martin, of course, was speaking as a banker, and the American financial community has consistently been much gloomier about the business outlook than the economists who advise the President. It is still odd that he should go out of his way to spread alarm and despondency at a time when Administration spokesmen are busily ladling out great slugs of confidence to the American public. One is tempted to smell some special significance in his reference to the need for 'economic corrections and adaptations in factors beyond the province of monetary policy'; one is anxious to see a Presidential repudiation of this doctrine in the new $2 billion public works programme. It may be that a fundamental difference of opinion between the Administration and the Fed—concealed for some time by the Administration's refusal to believe that a recession was possible—is now coming out into the open.

One must be fair to Mr Martin and the large body of US financial opinion he represents. Central bankers everywhere believe that their main function is to protect the value of the currency and will go to surprising lengths in the service of this austere aim. In the US, they support themselves further with the belief that prolonged inflation can issue only in severe depression—and in the peculiar economic circumstances of the US this belief may be not altogether ill-found. But it is important to realise what these beliefs imply. Mr Martin holds that a recession, whose depth and duration he is unwilling to specify, is needed to purge the economy of its inflationary excesses: he has helped considerably in bringing the present recession about and he has done nothing yet to counter it. Unemployment in the US last month jumped sharply to 4¼m.—5.8 per cent. of the labour force—and is still rising. Yet the Fed, according to Mr Martin, is still reluctant to do more than consider whether the need for counter-action will arise when 'manifest deflationary tendencies' appear. A further cut in discount rates, in fact, will only reflect the fall in business demand for credit which has already taken place.

Good luck and effective action by the Administration may still help US business to recover earlier than it deserves. But the plain fact must be faced that the US monetary authorities, playing a considerable part in determining the prosperity of the free world as a whole, are now convinced that the central banker's virtue consists in a fatalistic acceptance of the immutable fluctuations of the business cycle.

* * *

Mr Martin's sermon and the sharp jump in US unemployment have scattered gloom around the markets. Wall Street is uneasy and London is suffering in sympathetic silence. Even gilt-edged stocks have lost some of their momentum. The Chancellor has warned industry that tight controls over money and credit must remain in force, and the prospect of a cut in Bank Rate has receded a little. It will come, of course, but the market must first be convinced that it is hardly worth looking forward to.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

F. W. WOOLWORTH and CO.

RECORD TURNOVER

The annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co. Ltd will be held on 7 March in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by Mr R. J. Berridge, the chairman, which has been circulated to stockholders:—

Generally speaking trading during the year commenced satisfactorily but progressively faded so that in the last quarter conditions were difficult, especially in October when the so-called Asian 'flu claimed so many victims, staff and shopping public alike.

The Christmas trade did not commence in earnest until much later compared with 1956 and earlier years and the ten business days prior to Christmas were busy ones indeed. This change is akin to the pre-war pattern of Christmas shopping and the public as a whole seemed to be more practical and selective in their buying.

As portrayed by the Accounts, the company made further progress during 1957. Turnover increased to a new high record and though this was assisted by the new and extended stores, I am glad to state the stores entirely unchanged as a whole (they constitute 789 of the total of 989 stores in operation at the end of 1957) showed a modest increase in sales volume and in profit.

Expenses again increased at a greater rate than sales—wages and salaries in particular—and there seems no likelihood of any change in this trend.

STORE EXPANSION

The highlight of the year was the opening in October last of our most modern new store in the city of Oxford. The total number of stores operating at the end of the year was 989, without taking into account the three British West Indian stores.

SELF SERVICE STORES: Seventeen stores of this type were opened during the year, either in entirely new areas or by converting conventional service stores, so that the total number now in operation is raised to 46 stores.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES: The three stores operating in the British West Indies contributed a total profit of £97,794 before taxation, compared with £44,057 (Jamaica full year, Trinidad part year) in 1956. Three further stores are in process of erection in these islands and two of them are expected to open for business before the end of 1958.

Good progress is being made in building the store at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

The thorough understanding between our suppliers and buyers, which has existed for so many years, continued last year with an even higher degree of success.

This resulted in a further advance in providing quality goods for the stores' counters at very competitive prices—in fact amazingly so in many cases. This is the type of contribution the company has always made to keep down the cost of living and will continue to make in response to the Chancellor's request for lower prices.

Net profit before taxation amounted to £24,071,753 compared with £23,319,355 for 1956, an increase of £752,398 or 3.23 per cent.

The Final Dividend proposed on Ordinary Stock of 1s 4d per unit, plus 8d per unit Interim Dividend paid in August last, gives a total distribution of 2s per unit on the Ordinary Capital which was increased by the Scrip Issue early in 1957. This is the equivalent of 3s total distribution for 1956 paid on the smaller capital.

THE YEAR 1958

At this time last year the outlook for 1957 seemed dependent on the steps about to be taken to strengthen the country's economy. Unfortunately by mid-September even more stringent and restrictive monetary steps were necessary and they appear likely to continue. The effect of these latest moves is not clear yet and consequently prospects in the field of retail trade are obscure.

The trend of overheads will undoubtedly be upward, with the seeming certainty of higher wage rates. The higher National Insurance contributions, commencing at the beginning of February, will cost your company an additional amount of approximately £230,000 in 1958 or £250,000 in a full year.

The extent to which it will be possible for your company to maintain or increase profits must depend on the degree to which sales can be increased.

However, I take comfort in the conviction that the team work of our organisation however much it is put to the test, will produce a result for 1958 which will be creditable according to the conditions experienced.

ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO.

(Worsted Spinners)

DEMAND CONTINUES AT A HIGH LEVEL

The 38th annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited, was held on February 6 in Bradford, The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, PC, JP (Chairman), presiding.

The following are extracts from his circulated statement:—

The Group net profit after taxation is £269,981. A final dividend of 5 per cent less tax on the Ordinary Stock, as increased from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000, is recommended, representing a total dividend for the year on the former amount of Ordinary Stock of 15 per cent, or 7½ per cent on the now increased Capital.

Group Current Assets amount to £5,977,390, showing an excess over Current Liabilities and Dividend of £3,319,042 and Group Revenue Reserves are now £1,427,031.

The reduction in net profit, £270,000 as compared with £345,000 last year, is due in the main to three exceptional causes:

1. The disastrous influenza epidemic which for several weeks caused such excessive absences as to dislocate production at all our factories.
2. The writing-down in the value of unsold wool stocks as the result of the substantial fall in prices.
3. The continuing expense arising from the reorganisation of our James Tankard Branch, where we have built and equipped a large, new mill.

The reorganisation expenses of the James Tankard mill should be considerably reduced from now on, and indeed we look forward to a higher rate of production and profit. Wool prices have, however, continued to fall and it is not possible to forecast the future trend.

Our factories have continued to work at the fullest possible pressure; much overtime and evening work has been and is still being done.

The demand for wool clothing is continuing at a high level and, although competition is keener, our sales have been maintained at a level which already ensures the full working of our Branches for some months to come.

The report was adopted.

8½% INTEREST

with absolute safety

Assure the security of your savings in a deposit account with Campbell Discount Co. Ltd. We are a thrifty, Scottish firm of industrial bankers with a good-sense policy of keeping our liquidity ratio above 10%. Have no worries about capital fluctuations; your first £100 deposit is repayable on demand; larger sums at 3 months notice.

We know of no better savings scheme that offers you these advantages—PLUS our generous 8½% interest terms (paid half-yearly, in June and December). Send NOW for our booklet CK.2. and current audited balance sheet.

Members of the Industrial Bankers Association

CAMPBELL DISCOUNT CO. LTD

1 TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1

IF YOU ARE UNDER THIRTY

you could obtain a grant from the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 4-day Annual Conference on "Living with Reality" at Girton College, Cambridge, from Friday, August 8, to Tuesday, August 12. The grant would cover board, residence, admission to lectures, and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5. The first prize-winner will also receive a cash award of Ten Guineas. **All you have to do** is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on

IS HUMANISM A WAY OF LIFE?

and submit it for approval by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

The Chess Board

No. 431. Trying to be Helpful

'You don't *have* to be crazy,' I was advised when first coming to Hollywood, 'but it helps.' I like to offer similarly sensible advice whenever I am asked about the educational merits or demerits of chess. It may have some or none of either. It may help to teach us concentration, and again it may distract us from worthier occupations (if any). Be that as it may, we pro-chessists have a powerful argument in the fact that some of the most famous educators happened to be fellow-chessists. They evidently thought it helped (or maybe they just liked it). One of them was old Rousseau who wielded quite a wicked pawn, and as for Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi—well, see for yourself:

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) B-QB4, Kt-B3; (5) P-K5, P-Q4; (6) B-QKt5, Kt-K5; (7) Kt x P, B-QB4; (8) B x Kt ch, P x B; (9) Kt x P, B-R3; (10) Kt x Q, B x P mate.

Note the old boy's sly (9). . . . B-R3, in preference to . . . . B x P ch. To have spurned that safer move may well have been a lesson to the educator (but evidently it wasn't). I found this as one of some sixty gamelets and game-positions in *Chess Traps and Stratagems* Routledge & Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.), and it brought back memories of earlier editions I enjoyed in the pre-atomic age and even before the first world war. The Rev. E. E. Cunnington's famous old booklet is as lively as ever since the late J. du Mont revised it some years ago and Leonard Barden brought it quite up-to-date for the new edition. What with Greco and Geller cheek by jowl, along with Philidor's inevitable legacy and some brand new Smyslovs and Bronsteins, the very old and the very new have been neatly blended. Here's what Greco said (or did) in 1609:

(1) P-Q4, P-KB4; (2) B-Kt5, P-KR3; (3) B-B4, P-KKt4; (4) B-Kt3, P-B5; (5) P-K3, P-KR4; (6) B-Q3, R-R3; (7) Q x P ch, R x Q; (8) B-Kt6 mate.

And here, played nearly 3½ centuries later, is a far too little known brilliancy won by H. H. Cole:

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) O-O, Kt x P; (5) R-K1, Kt-Q3; (6) Kt x P, Kt x Kt; (7) R xKt ch, B-K2; (8) B-Q3, O-O; (9) Kt-B3, Kt-K1; (10) P-QKt3, P-QB3; (11) B-Kt2, P-Q4; (12) Q-R5, P-KKt3; (13) Kt x P!!, P x Q; (14) B x P ch, K x B; (15) R x P ch, K-Kt3; (16) Kt-B4 mate.
If (13) . . . P x Kt; (14) Q x RP ch, K x Q; (15) R-R5 ch, K-Kt1; (16) R-R8 mate.

A: W. Unzicker 1952

And here, picked from an *embarras de richesse*, is a position reached in the game Uhlmann-Smyslov, Moscow 1956: /2r2rk1/p3qppp/bp3kt2/2bp4/3kt4/1PKt3P1/PB1Kt PPBP/R2QR1K1/. Here's how our new champion came to some brilliant conclusions: (1) . . . Kt-B7!; (2) Q x Kt, B x P ch; (3) KxB, Kt-Kt 5 ch; (4) K-Kt1, Q-K6 ch etc. Or (4) K-B3, Q-K6 ch; (5) K x Kt, P-B4 ch etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced immediate resignation. How? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both draws and very pretty, too. Usual prizes. Entries by February 3rd.

B: A. Wotawa 1952

C: M. S. Liburkin 1932

REPORT on No. 428. Set 25 January

A: (1) . . . R-B8 ch!; (2) R x R, Q-B4 ch (leading to "smothered mate") or (2) K x R, Q-KB4 ch, etc.

B: (1) Q-K3 ch, K-Q3; (2) Q-K5 ch!, K x Q; (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-B5; (4) Kt-K6 ch, K x P; (5) Kt-K3 ch, K-R6; (6) Kt-B4 ch, K x P; (7) Kt-B1 mate if (4) . . . K-K5; (5) P-Q3 ch, K-Q4; (6) Kt-B7 ch, K-B4; (7) P-Q4 mate.

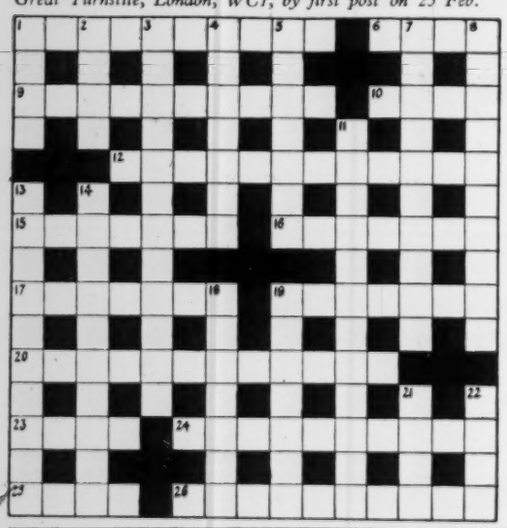
C: (1) R-Kt1, P-R7; (2) R-Q1, P = Q; (3) R x P ch, K-Kt1; (4) R x B ch!, K x R; (5) B-Kt7 ch, Q x B; (6) Kt-B6!! (Kt x Q?), Q-Kt1; (7) Kt x Q, K x Q; (8) K-K7, etc.,
if (4) . . . Q x R; (5) Kt-B6 ch, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, J. W. Eccelson, M. P. Frumston, C. Sansom, M. C. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 290

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 290, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 25 Feb.



ACROSS

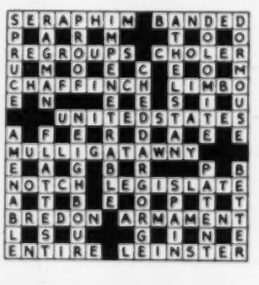
1. A clean break in a game without opportunity (10).
6. Clean up the city (4).
9. Periods torn in pieces in battles (10).
10. Account for Sikes (4).
12. Race for getting rid of the silver (12).
15. Obviously any pill must be crushed (7).
16. 'The —— Starts or the Dawn of Nothing' (Fitzgerald) (7).
17. Wheeled like a bowler in a quarter of the length of the pitch (7).
19. Fireworks as one departs in confusion (7).
20. Clichés get one a seat in the House (12).
23. Strives for a first-class piece of writing (4).
24. Watch for a magazine with a cricketer on it (10).
25. '—— Lve and quiet die' (Scott) (4).
26. Sets apart prophets about to make a search (10).

DOWN

1. A blow for a detective (4).
2. Agricultural measure for a town (4).
3. Censure may be seen to mend no action (12).
4. Member and friend in law (7).
5. Evil in manner as at a nice hotel (7).
7. Censure publicity about the main breakdown (10).
8. The part of England which is mainly to have eagles (10).
11. Means whereby alcohol can help the bricklayer (12).
13. Value correctly, holding the change of price in one's head (10).
14. Shows to mimic among the kitchen utensils (10).
18. Dispossess of a letter in the approach to the house (7).
19. High land with water at the bottom (7).
21. If in Civil Defence this artist would be imitated (4).
22. Cockney hurts his limbs (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 288



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 288

J. A. Wood (*Folkestone*), *W. K. A. Congreve* (*Watford*), *Miss D. E. Binyon* (*Harold Wood*)

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. Large garden. Own produce. Recreation room. Children welcome. Terms mod. Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos.

RE-OPENING 15 March: Old Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imag. & plent. food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Tel. 3120. Prop D. Chapman, M.P.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 6/7 gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

CHARMING guest house. Spac. grounds. Beauty spot nr. Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. Whinrig, Horam.

CORNWALL. Guests welcome in old house of arch./hist. interest, 3 minutes harbour. Bed & breakfast, 1 gn., terms period. Lawn House, Church Lane, Mavagissey.

GLORIOUS Devon. Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, adjacent Barricane shell beach and three miles golden sands, ideal for young and old. Special reduction for early and late season. Also furnished bungalows and flats. Write: M. Garness. 'Phone 44.

KESWICK—Spend your holiday at Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, unique position, good food. Tel. 508.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn. Garages. Superlative food. June 9gns. July/Aug. 10-12gns.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SPECIAL Value in twin-bedded rooms, 5/7 gns., fully inclusive, at 'Normanhurst', the small, friendly Hotel in 'Britain's Best Climate'. Singles 6/7½ gns. Htd. bedroom (cent. htg everywhere). No gratuities. Fresh fruit dly. Bkfst in bed (nominal charge). Illus. brochures. Recomm. by rdrs. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 7 gns. Special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carms. No vacancies 26 July to 6 Sept.

SPRINGTIME holidays; the glory of the budding countryside with the sun returning after winter's bleakness—what could be more pleasant? And the comfort and friendliness of a Fellowship Guest House help to make a memorable vacation. There are many Centres open all the year, in some of Britain's loveliest countryside. Write for full details of the accommodation and moderate terms to The Holiday Fellowship, Room 77, 142 Great North Way, NW4.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

VISIT the West Coast of Ireland & stay at Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo. Write for terms.

FARM Holidays – 1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses, 900 farms, illustrated, 2s, 10d, post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly includes: 'The Trade Unions Know Their Business' by Harry Brotherton; 'The Way Ahead' by Councillor Renee Short; 'Afro-Asian Unity' by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'Indonesia: The Truth' by Jack Woddis; 'Where the Witch Hunt Ends' by 'Dogwatch': Notes on Summit Talks and Mr Thorneycroft; Quaestor on peace moves. Post free 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballard Lane, London, N3.

CAREERS Encyclopedia (look up your own in it!) new and vastly interesting: authority on training, exams, prospects in 240 callings. Ed. Chaffe & Edmonds. 688 pages, only 15s. (posted 16s. 9d.) any bookseller. 24 Feb., Cleaver-Hume Press, Wright's Lane, W8.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

FRENCH Book Sale: Fiction, biography, travel, art, etc. Thousands of bargains. 19 February-1 March. List on request. Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner. AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

'NATURE Cure Investigated.' 6d. from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

FOOD AND DRINK

THE En Passant Grill Room—Coffee Lounge & Chess Rooms will open at 405 Strand, WC2 (Upper Floors), on Saturday, 22 February. Manager: Boris Watson.

THE Upper Crust of buttered toast tastes delicious when spread with Burgess' Anchovy paste.

SURTAX payers and salaried staff, underrated assistants and overworked executives, here is a message for you all. Keep a stiff upper lip, and a bottle of El Cid Sherry handy, and you'll never look back.

EVERY flat-looking meal can be greatly improved with a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

THE 'Wineograph' Chart. A classified list of vintages and selected wines and foods. Price 1s. from your wine merchants, or send 1s. direct to 'Wineographs', 1 Crutched Friars, EC3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

COLDEAST & TATCHBURY MOUNT

HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE.

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST (Male or Female), non-resident, required for duties in the Hospitals of this Mental Deficiency Hospital Group.

Candidates should hold an honours degree in psychology, normally have attained the age of twenty-five years, and complied with the Whitley Council conditions regarding post-graduate service. Salary range (if 25 years or over) £700 p.a. rising to £975 p.a., the commencing point according to age and experience. Written applications, with names of two referees, to Group Secretary, Loperwood Manor, Totton, Southampton.

SOUTH SHIELDS EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Grammar-Technical School for Girls
Headmistress: Dr. E. Ramsden, B.Sc.

Reqd in Sept., owing to increased numbers, the following additional staff:—

1. Mistress to teach General Subjects, including some or all of the following: Needlework, Art, Crafts, Scripture.

2. Mistress to teach French mainly. Please state subsidiary subject or subjects.

3. Master or Mistress to share in the teaching of Science in the Junior and Middle School. (Applications from candidates with Advanced Training College Science or Supplementary Science Course would be considered.)

Or—Graduate with specialist qualifications in Chemistry or Biology or Physics to share in the Advanced and Ordinary Level work of one of these subjects and to teach General Science to Junior Forms.

Application forms, obtainable from the Director of Education, Westoe Village, South Shields, should be returned not later than 24 February, 1958.

A. J. W. JEFFERY,
Director of Education.

TAVISTOCK CLINIC,
2-6 Beaumont Street, W1.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST required immediately. A knowledge of psychiatric medical terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

ST. CHARLES' HOSPITAL
Ladbroke Grove, W10

Secretary to the Matron required immediately. Shorthand / typewriting necessary.

Salary starts at 23 years and over within the range £415 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

PADDINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
Harrow Road, W9

Shorthand/typist required immediately to act as secretary to Director of Physical Medicine, and as receptionist to the Physiotherapy department. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a., according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

If he takes all you give, and, too complacent,
Never responds with praise or harder currency
Why should you go on being self-effacent?

. . . when we have lots of wonderful posts for you (provided you have all the secretarial accomplishments, including good shorthand and typing). Secretaries and P.A.'s can start at up to £600. THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

CHERRY Knowle Hospital, Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland. Senior Psychologist (full-time) required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this hospital and its associated out-patient clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary £1,000 per annum rising by 9 annual increments to £1,375. Applications giving names of 2 referees should be sent to Group Sec. at above address as soon as possible.

DORSET: Science master wanted in May. Practical interests, such as farming or metalwork, desirable, though not essential. Burnham scale, government superannuation. 60 boys & girls aged 9-18. Enclose testimonials or write fully to Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Talks Producer, Overseas Talks and Features Department. Duties include formulation of ideas for and production of talks, interviews, discussions and talks features on wide variety of subjects, particularly current affairs, for broadcasting in General Overseas Services. Essential qualifications: wide interests, sympathetic approach to people, sound political judgment, and interest in and knowledge of current affairs, especially in Britain and Commonwealth. Acquaintance with technological, industrial or scientific subjects and ability to conduct interviews at microphone desirable. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.509/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200 – £80 – £1,750 per annum plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Assocn of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for receipt of applics. in Australia and London, is 24 Feb., 1958.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the University Settlement invite applications from both men and women for the appointment of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Education and Play Centre Organiser. Salary per annum within the following ranges: Lecturer, £900-£1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700-£850; initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 March 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Leicester. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Librarian in the University Library. Applicants should be graduates, and a qualification in Librarianship will be an additional recommendation. Salary scale: £700 a year rising by annual increments of £50 to £850 a year, with membership of FSSU. Further particulars obtainable from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by 28 February.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Required for September 1958 (or earlier if possible) resident unmarried man or woman to teach Geography in the Senior School (12 to 18) up to University Scholarship level. Help with other subjects and/or games, hobbies, etc., desirable. Apply to the Principals, Mr and Mrs Child.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £575-£725 (starting point according to experience and qualifications). Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or holders of equivalent qualifications in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with 2 testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 21 February, 1958.

GARLANDS Hospital Management Committee, Garlands Hospital, Carlisle. (1,070 beds.) Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the above mental hospital. Applicants should hold an approved Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or the equivalent. Salary in accordance with the National Scale. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., with names of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent as soon as possible.

THE Family Planning Association requires part-time Organiser for South Wales, preferably based on Cardiff. Married woman, good education, committee and organising experience, keen interest in social services. Car driver essential, prepared to cover wide area opening new clinics and supervising existing ones. Able to give 2 to 3 days per week, and to be away from home some evenings and occasionally overnight. Applications stating age, qualifications and particulars of two referees to General Secretary, Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

RESIDENT Matron required in April, 1958, at Hornchurch Children's Home, Hornchurch, Essex (Group cottage home for 282 children aged 2 to 15). Comparable residential experience and ability to advise on domestic administration is essential. Salary £607 10s, by £30 to £757 10s, less £128 8s. for board, lodging, etc. Single accommodation. Application form and details from Children's Officer, CH/NEDO/161, LCC, County Hall, SE1, to be returned by 28 February 1958.

SECRETARY-Leader required for Chelmsford YMCA. Applicant should have Christian convictions and qualifications for and experience of youth work. Salary payable between £450 and £750 per annum according to age, experience, etc. A flat on premises. Application form available from: YMCA, Victoria Road, Chelmsford.

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SHORTHAND-typist and a clerk reqd. by small professional society. 5-day wk., 3 wks. holiday. £8 10s. and £6 10s. respectively. Older women prefd. Tel. WHI. 2881.

PART-time (three mornings weekly) co-Secretary clinical side welfare association maladjusted children, plus private secretary to psychiatrist, Hampstead-Hendon district. Really good shorthand-typing essential, child guidance office experience advantage and Emidicta experience useful. Box 8154.

SENIOR Secretary required, 30/40, £600/£650 plus 12s. 6d. l.v's, Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

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TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

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UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £600 to £1,150 according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on 1 October, 1958. Superannuation under the FSSU or otherwise can be arranged. Twelve copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including 12 copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 10 March, 1958. There is no restriction on the scope of research but the Institute has a particular interest at the present time in the field of the education of physically handicapped children. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy and Political Science. The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £700-£1,500 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the Fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than 1 March, 1958.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for two Research Fellowships in the Department of Anthropology and Sociology. The Department carries out field research in Social Anthropology among primitive and advanced peoples in Australia and neighbouring parts of the world. Salaries for Research Fellows are within the range £A1,250-1,850. The appointments will be for three years with a possible extension to the maximum of five years. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid, and superannuation on the Federated Superannuation System for Universities pattern is provided. Further details should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 10 March, 1958.

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PERSONAL

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PHOTOGRAPHY; Mervyn Buckland, 1 Saville Row, Bath, has even photographed his wife (and she's no oil painting).

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

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SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send S.A.E. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W1.

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21 Feb.	ANDREA CHENIER
22 Feb.	LA SONNAMBULA

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3344. Tues/Suns. Evgs. 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. 'Epitaph for George Dillon.'

THEATRE in the Round, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W1. Margaret Rawlings in Phèdre (17 Feb.-1 March only). Bookings FLA. 2309.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0, S. 5, 8. 'Man, Beast and Virtue.' Last week.

TOWER. 7.30. 21, 22, 23 (Mems.). 27, 28 Feb., 1 Mar. Eliot's 'The Confidential Clerk'. 14, 15 Feb.: 'A Month in the Country'. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. 'The Crucible,' by Arthur Miller. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ORGAN Recital by Jean Langlais. Works by Bach, Buxtehude, Franck, Tournemire and Langlais. Wed., 19 Feb. 5.45. Tkts 4s. inc. prog. Royal Festival Hall. WAT. 3191.

PORTIA Wind Ensemble (by arr. with Charles Gregory). Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., 22 Feb., at 8.15 p.m. Serenade in E flat, K.375 (Mozart), Petite Symphonie (Gounod). Serenade in D minor (Dvorak). Tickets: WAT. 3191.

ICA Music Section. Wigmore Hall, Tues., 18 February, at 7.30 p.m. New Music Ensemble. Valen's Wind Serenade, Dallapiccola's Cinque Canti, Lutyens's Concertante for 5 players, Maxwell Davies's Alma Redemptoris Mater and Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s.

LONDON Bach Group, Collegium Musicum Londinii, Pamela Bowden, Cecil Aronowitz, conductor John Minchinton. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Fri., 21 Feb., 8 p.m. Lennox Berkeley 'St Teresa Poems', Adrian Cruft 'Passiontide Carol' (1st perf.) Priaulx Rainier 'Sinfonia da Camera', Vaughan Williams 'Flos Campi'. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418).

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 16 Feb. 'Rekava' (A) (Ceylon). American Film Season. From 17 February, Ford's 'The Searchers' (U).

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345 16 Feb. 7 days. Judy Garland, Meet Me in St Louis, U; Friends for Life, U. Ital.-Eng. titles.

CHINESE Spring Festival—Lantern Party. Chinese Boxing, Story Teller, Folk Songs, Dancing, etc. Saturday, 22 Feb., 7.30 p.m. The Hall, 6 Leicester Place, Leicester Sq., WC2. Tickets 5s. Apply Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., WC1.

RAMBLERS' Association Services, Ltd., and Wings, Ltd., invite you to the 1958 Holiday Reunion at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, 15 February 1958, from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dancing, films from Germany, Norway and Switzerland, Alphorn competition, etc. Tickets 5s. each, from 48 Park Road, NW1, or the Royal Festival Hall.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ST. PANCRAS Arts Festival. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sat. 22 Feb., at 7.30. Unity Theatre presents 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. Producer: Joe MacColum, Music: Frank Wagland, Settings: Ken Sprague. Tickets: 5s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Town Hall (TER. 7070) and St. Pancras Public Libraries.

'PARDESI' (The Foreigner), the first Indo-Soviet co-production feature film (Hindi language, English synopsis) will be presented by Asian Film Society on Sun., 23 Feb., at Hampstead Playhouse (4.30 & 7.30 p.m.) starring Oleg Streezhenov (of 'Forty-First') in title role with Nargis and P. Kapoor. Direction: K. A. Abbas ('Munna' fame) and V. M. Pronin. For details & membership apply to 11 Greek St, W1. GER. 0287.

LA Traversée de Paris & The Red Balloon. French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Sat. 15 Feb. 8 p.m. Tkts. 1 gn., 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s 6d., 5s. at door. Doors open 7.30.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., 15 Feb. Festival of Czech cartoons and puppet films. 3.00, 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

DANCE. Sat., 22 Feb., 7.30-11 p.m. 4s. at door. (Public invtd.) S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 15 February, 8-11. Members 3s and their guests 5s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 15 Feb., 7.30-11. Tkts. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproduction of Cézanne's Le Chateau de Médan from Glasgow Art Gallery out now 57s. 6d. plus tax 16s. 6d. From all good printsellers or 11 Gt Turnstile WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Roger Hilton—Paintings 1953-57. Till 8 March. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Also Anthony Hill—Recent Constructions (in the Library).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

INTERNATIONAL Furnishing Textile Exhibition introducing new elegance of design, texture and colour from France, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, America, England, Scotland and Ireland. 17 February to 1 March, at Woollands of Knightsbridge, SW1. SLOane 4545.

KANDINSKY. Paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. An Arts Council Exhib. Tate Gallery. Till 16 Feb. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Ad. 1s. 6d.

GWEN John at the Matthiesen Gallery. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 8 March. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Juan Gris (1887-1927)—Fifty Works—First important Exhibition in London. 13 Feb.-22 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sculptors' Drawings; paintings by Bernard Dunstan.

ST George's Gallery showing Merlyn Evans' magnificent 'Vertical Suite in Black'—aquatints. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Anita De Caro—Paintings. Takis—Sculpture Until 1 Mar. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Three Exhibs—William Roberts, André Bicât, Ethelbert White. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROBERT Delaunay. Paintings, reliefs, drawings & lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Till 22 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Wishart, Rowland Suddaby and Robert Parkinson. Lithographs by Picasso. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 22 Feb.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Peter Clough & Peter Reid (Paintings and Sculpture) Till 1 March. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

IMPERIAL Institute, SW7. Paintings by Mary Filer. 14 Feb.-2 March. Admn. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

THE Times Bookshop, 42 Wigmore St, W1. Portraits & Landscapes by Fritz Kramer. 10-5 p.m. Sat., 1 p.m. Until 1 March.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook Street, W1. Graphic work by Edward Bawden. 3 Feb.-28 Feb., Mon.-Fri., 11 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Opening Feb. 18. Stoneware Pottery by M. Cardew. Dly 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Paintings Rivers of France also Sculptures 29 Jan.-22 Feb. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Paintings by William Johnstone. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

AIA 25 Years' Exhibition at RBA in March. Forms from AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square, WC2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Dr. Thomas Balogh on Americanization and Social Welfare. Wed., 19 Feb., 7.30 p.m. 57 Dean St., W1.

ANNUAL General Meeting British Rumanian Friendship Association. Held on Tuesday, 18 Feb., at 7 p.m., 33 Pembridge Sq. (Notting Hill Gate). Election of E.C. and officers. Report for 1957. Members & friends cordially invited. Refrs. BRFA, 27 Red Lion St, WC1. (CHA. 4568.)

HALDANE Society. Public discussion on 'Wolfenden Report', opened by Mr Peter Wildeblood. Wed. 26 Feb. at 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4.

THE Tancred Society invites graduates interested in international affairs to three meetings on Security in the Nuclear Age: 21 Feb., 8 p.m. Caxton Hall: Dr Frankland. 7 Mar., 7.30 p.m., Alliance Hall, Caxton St; Rt Hon. Philip Noel Baker, MP. 2 Apr. 8 p.m., Caxton Hall: Adm. Sir A. Buzzard.

SOCIALIST Zionist Party—Mapam—Public Meeting Prospects of Peace in the Middle East—Fenner Brockway, MP, Chairman. Movement for Colonial Freedom: Dov Barnir, Gen. Secretary World Union of Mapam, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1, Weds 19 February, 8 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. (PAR. 7696). Fri. 14 Feb. 8 p.m. Dr L. Pasternak-Slater: 'Boris Pasternak—Reminiscences & Poems'. Fri. 21 Feb. 8 p.m. Ossia Trilling. 'Theatre in Russia and Poland: New Trends'.

NATURE in History. Lecture-discussion—Thursday 20 February, 6.30 p.m. Leslie Paul with T. M. Heron in the chair. St. Anne's Society at 57 Dean Street, W1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 22 February at 6 p.m. M. R. Nemorin (Alliance Française): 'L'Ile Maurice, vieille province française.'

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society. Gordon Cruickshank, writer and journalist, after 2 years in Poland, will speak on 'Poland Since the 8th Plenum'. Will welcome questions. Wed., 19 February, 8 p.m. sharp. Refreshments available. 23 Regent's Park Road, NW1. GUL. 1422. 74 bus from Camden Town or Baker Street.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 21 Feb., 8.30 p.m. Mr. C. A. Burland, FRI, 'The Ancient Mexican God Quetzalcoatl'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns., Paddington, W2. All welcome.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 19 Feb., 6.30 sharp: 'Takuan's Treatise on Swordsmanship', R. Crewdson. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

CONWAY Discussions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tues., 18 Feb., 7.15 p.m. Harry Hynd, MP: 'Keeping Peace in Industry'. Adm. free.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

ZION House Lectures (in conjunction with the University of London). Israel Cohen, BA. 'Theodor Herzl', 57 Eton Avenue, NW3. 8 p.m., Tues., 18 Feb.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Local Government of London' will be delivered by Mr W. O. Hart (Clerk of the London County Council) at 5.30 p.m. on 25 Feb. at University College (Eugenics Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Rehearsed Play Reading: 'Goodbye World', written and produced by Bernard Kops. Sunday 16 February, 7.30 p.m. Tickets bookable in advance. Price 5s. Members 3s. 6d.

'SHIPS & Shoes—Beginnings of Social History.' W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. Sun. 11 a.m. 16 Feb. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber music concerts. Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun., 16 Feb., 'Key to Theosophy'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62, Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W8, Sun., 16 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Perpetual Peace'.

'NEW Hope for Nervous Disorders,' Tom Moule, Caxton Hall, Mon. 17 Feb, 7.30. 2s 6d. London Natural Health Soc.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Beginnings of an Early Victorian London Suburb' will be delivered by Mr John Summerson at 5 p.m. on 20 and 27 February at London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled 'Leser und Dichter. Zur Psychologie und Soziologie der Empfindsamkeit' will be delivered by Professor R. Alewyn (Berlin) at 5.30 p.m. on 24, 26 February and 4 March at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in German. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Rise of Pictorial Narrative in 12th Century England': (i) 'The Renaissance of the Classical Tradition of Pictorial Narrative': (ii) 'Pictorial Representation and Liturgical Drama' will be delivered by Dr Otto Pächt (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on 19 and 26 February at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

MISSENDEN Abbey. Weekend Course, 28 February to 2 March. 'Recent Developments in Social Psychology.' Missenden Abbey. Weekend Course for those interested in biology, 7 March-9 March. 'Animal Behaviour.' Details from the Warden, Missenden Abbey, Great Missenden, Bucks. Tel. No. Great Missenden 2328.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October 1958, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

HILLCROFT College for adult education, Surbiton. One year residential course in liberal subjects for women over 20 requiring further education as opening to careers in teaching, social work. Recognised by Ministry of Education. No entrance examination. Grants available. Apply Secretary (NS).

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 215

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